MARCH 9, 1946 · 10c

Liberty

MARCH ALMANAC

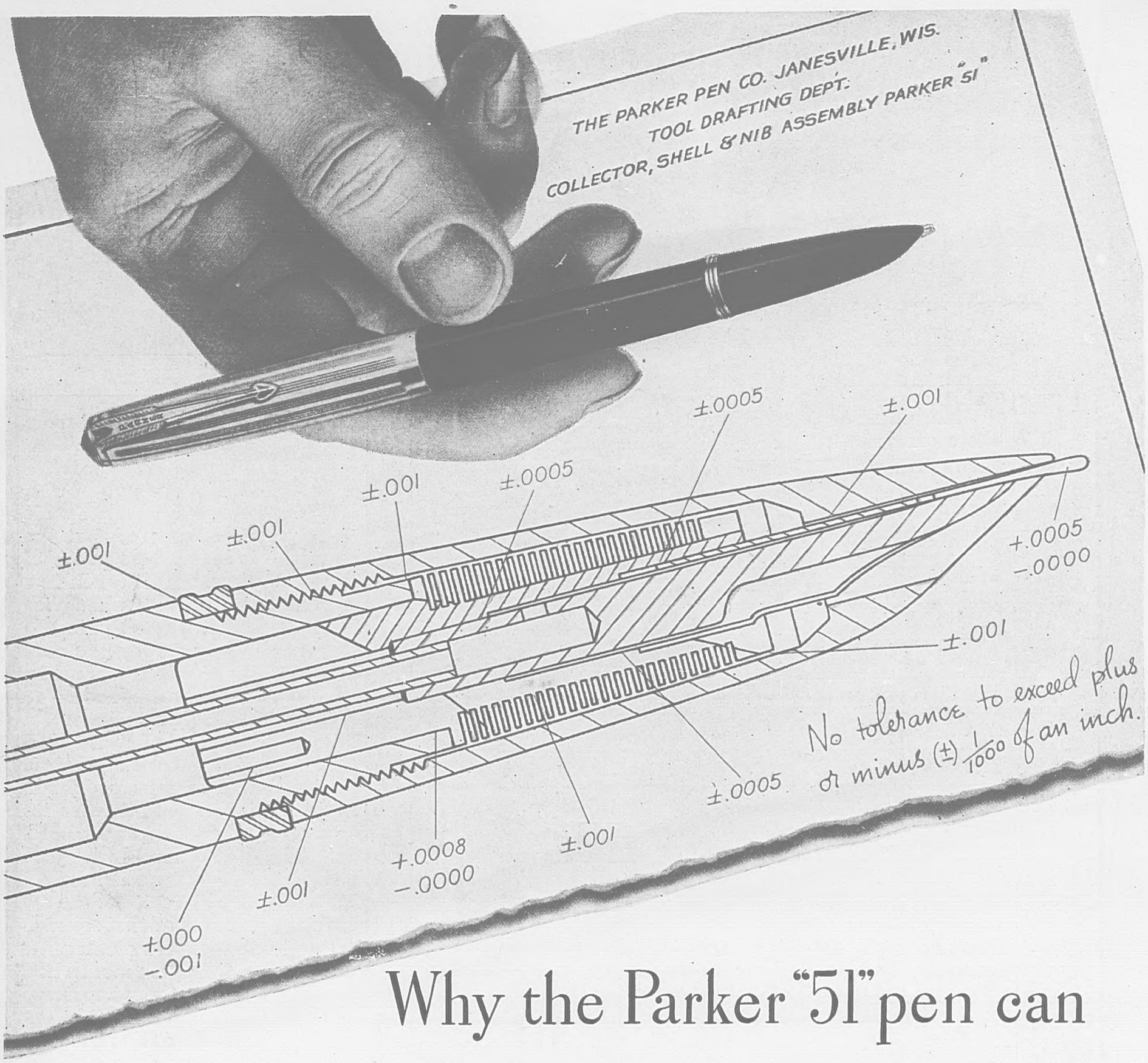
DATE	DAY	HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, LUCKY DAYS, ETC.	THE MOON'S PHASE	AGE	ZODIAC POSITION
1	Fri	Ohio Day (1803) *The Buckeye State* *And* Nebraska Day (1867) *The Tree Planter's State*		27	♒
2	Sat	Texas Independence Day (*in that State*)		28	♒
3	SUN	Florida Day (1845) *The Peninsula State*		PASSES SUN	♓
4	Mon	Vermont Day (1791) *The Green Mountain State*		1	♓
5	Tue	The Boston Massacre, 1770.		2	♈
6	Wed	Ash Wednesday. (*The first day of Lent. Now behave yourself.*)		3	♈
7	Thu	Luther Burbank *born*, 1849.		4	♉
8	Fri	America & Japan "Peace & Amity" Treaty, 1854. (*Uh-huh.*)		5	♉
9	Sat	Amerigo Vespucci *born*, 1451. (*God rest Amerigo.*)		6	♊
10	SUN	*First landing of* Salvation Army *in America*, 1880.		7 FIRST QUARTER	♊
11	Mon	The Great Blizzard of '88. (*This & three days more!*)		8	♋
12	Tue	*Fledgling* U.S. Postal Service *takes its first steps*, 1789.		9	♋
13	Wed	Standard Time *established in U.S.*, 1884. (*About time!*)		10	♌
14	Thu	Albert Einstein *born*, 1879. (*Now conducting sightseeing tours through the mills of the gods.*)		11	♌
15	Fri	Maine Day (1820) *The Pine Tree State*		12	♍
16	Sat	West Point U.S. Military Academy *established*, 1802.		13	♍
17	SUN	Saint Patrick's Day. *And*, Feast of Purim.		14 FULL MOON	♍
18	Mon	King George *of* Greece *assassinated*, 1913.		15	♎
19	Tue	Feast *of* Saint Joseph, *patron of the dying.*		16	♎
20	Wed	*To dream you have long bushy whiskers is a sign you should have stayed awake.*		17	♎
21	Thu	*The* Vernal Equinox Spring beginneth. (*About time.*)		18	♏
22	Fri	Emancipation Day *in* Puerto Rico. (*Emancipation?*)		19	♏
23	Sat	Patrick Henry *said, "Give me Liberty!"* (*We strive to please, folks.*)		20	♐
24	SUN	Feast *of* St. Gabriel, *the Angelic Messenger.* (*He blows sweet for some, hot for others.*)		21	♐
25	Mon	Maryland Day (1867) *The Free State*		22 LAST QUARTER	♐
26	Tue	*To dream of a river running upstream is a sign you should reverse your film.*		23	♑
27	Wed	*Fledgling* U.S. Navy *paddled its first canoe*, 1794.		24	♑
28	Thu	*To dream of plenty of houses & apartments is a dream.*		25	♒
29	Fri	Swedes *first settled in America*, 1638.		26	♒
30	Sat	U.S. *purchased* Alaska, 1867 (*for $7,200,000 about 1/35 of one day's cost of World War II.*)		27	♓
31	SUN	Transfer Day *in the* Virgin Islands. (*Looks like the passengers all change eventually.*)		28	♓

♒=Aquarius. ♓=Pisces. ♈=Aries. ♉=Taurus. ♊=Gemini. ♋=Cancer. ♌=Leo. ♍=Virgo. ♎=Libra. ♏=Scorpio. ♐=Sagittarius. ♑=Capricornus.

THE IDEAS OF MARCH

MARCH (distilled from the first Roman month, *Martius*) was named after Mars, the god of War. As time marches on it is suspected that the namesake is less & less proud of the godfather. ¶ March is a month of such change, what with Winter transitioning to Spring & all, that even zoölogy has gotten snafu in it. If it comes in like a lion it's supposed to go out like a lamb, and *vice versa*. The first instance of 50-50 weather on March 1 producing a hybrid lion-lamb will be reported faithfully in this column. Likewise its exit as a lamb-lion, if verified. ¶ The old Roman *ides* was just a mid-month day, & no monopoly of March, either, in spite of the advertising success of that squeaky-voiced soothsayer's crack at J. Cæsar. Every Roman month had an *ides*, which is a mean noun to wish onto a singular verb. ¶ Our calendar is by no means in universal use throughout the world, except for occasional specific dates wished on nonconforming countries (such as India, Abyssinia, etc.) through the increasing impact of communication & commerce. The Hebrew calendar is practically unchanged since the Babylonian captivity. ¶ Calendar tinkering is cumbersome business. Pope Gregory XIII cooked up our present calendar in 1582, but the English mulled over it for 170 years before they adopted it. Even then Parliament was ribbed good & plenty for its precipitate headstrongness. Indignant opposition is now subsiding somewhat.

FRED COOPER



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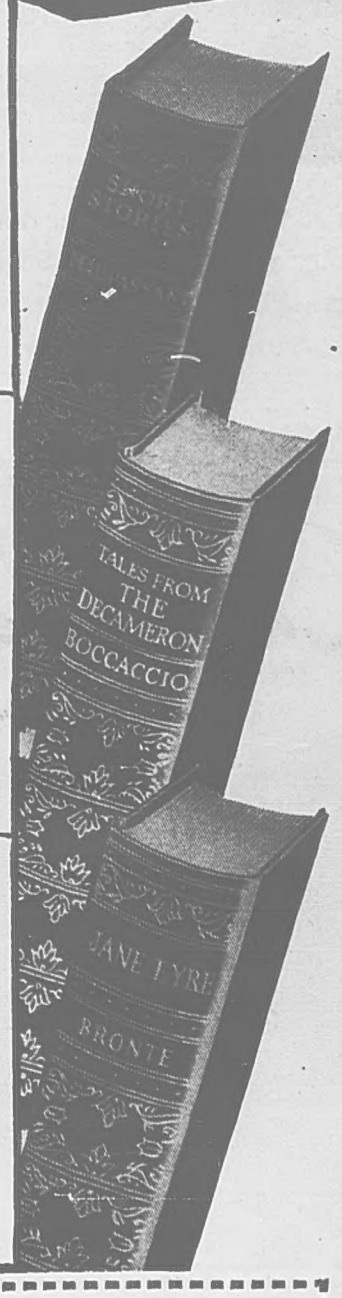
Orson Welles, Joan Fontaine in 20th CENTURY-FOX Motion Picture "Jane Eyre."



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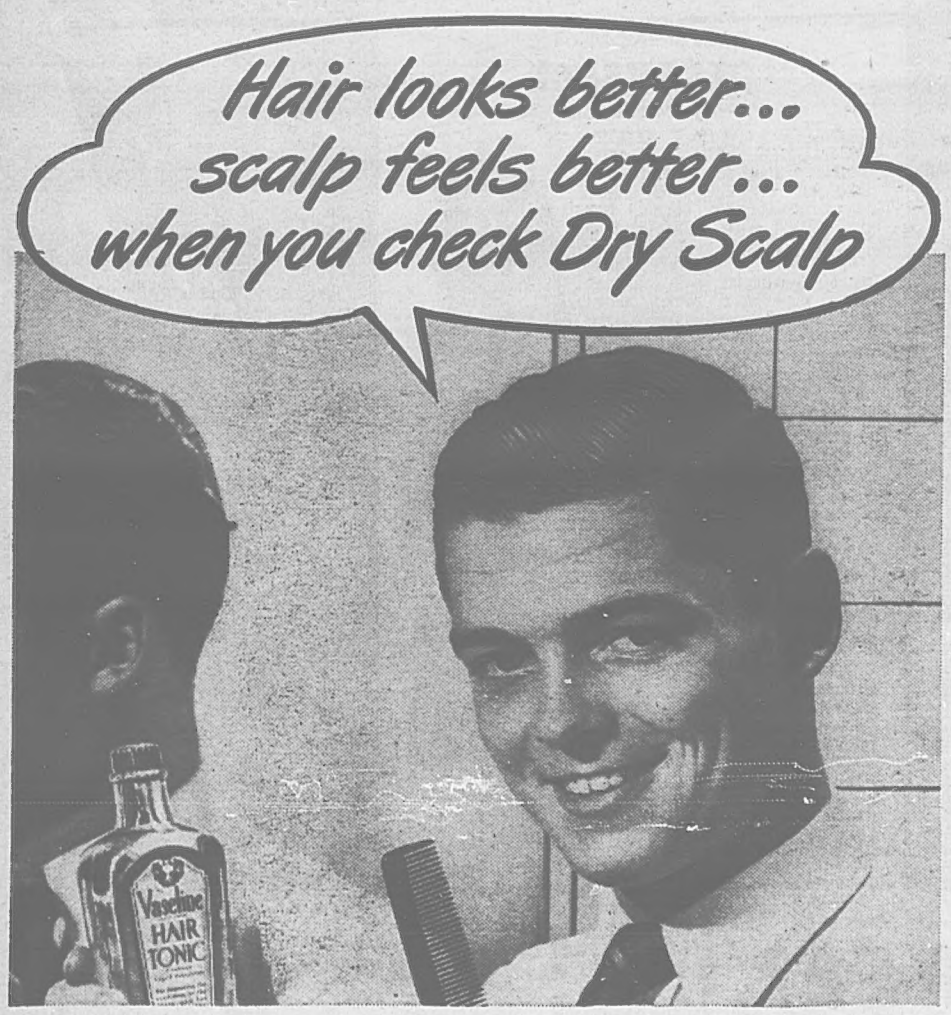

SAME MAN, SAME HAIR . . . but look! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Five drops a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. Loose dandruff and that tight, itchy feeling disappear. Your hair is easy to comb, and it keeps that natural, just-combed look. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

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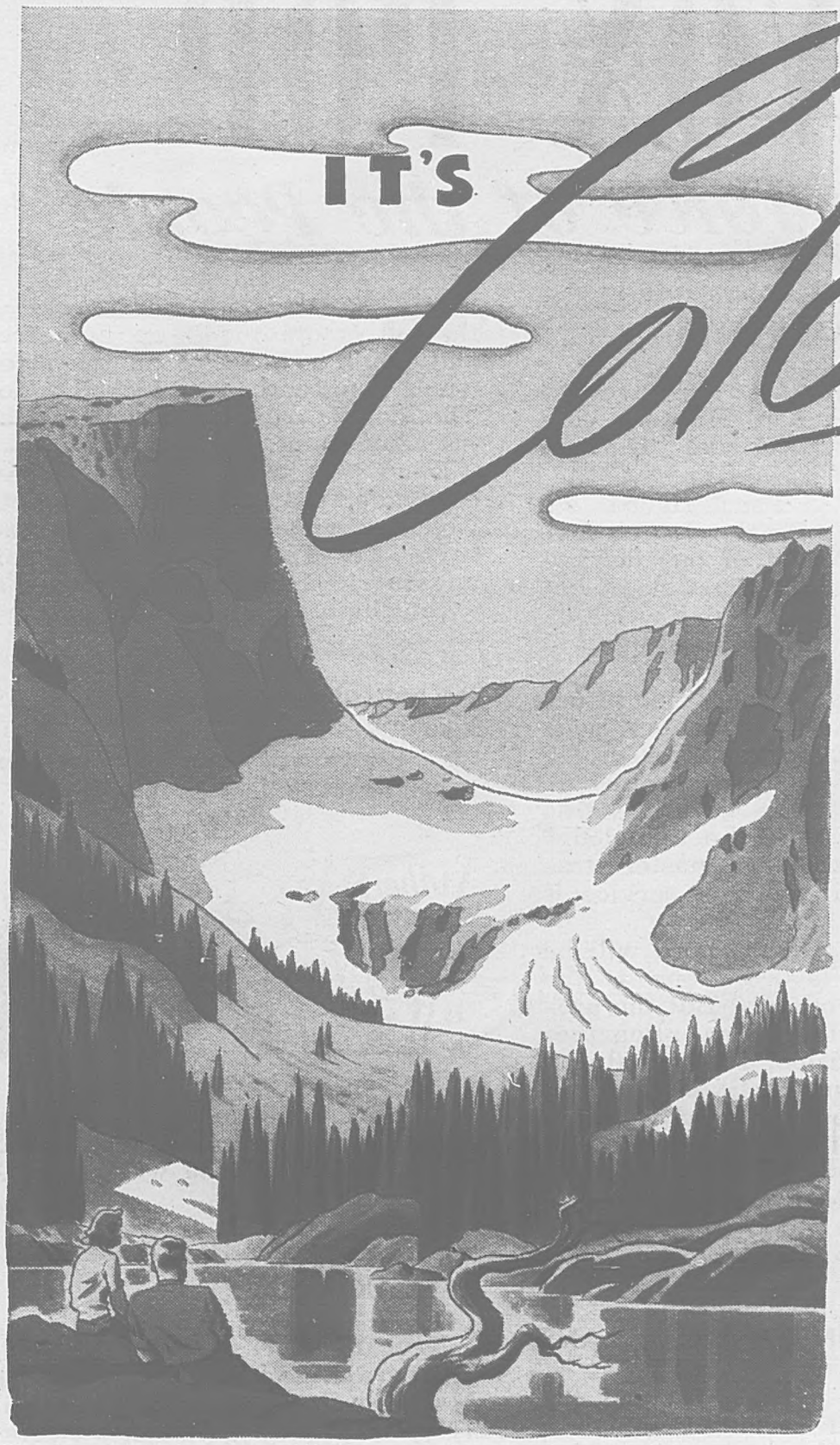

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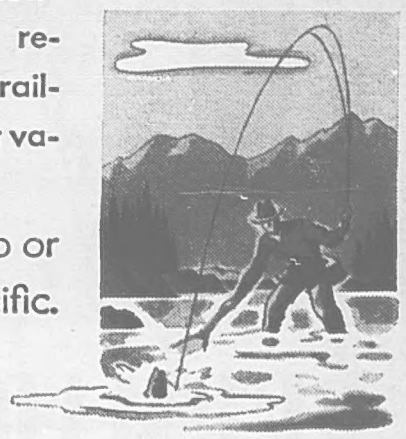
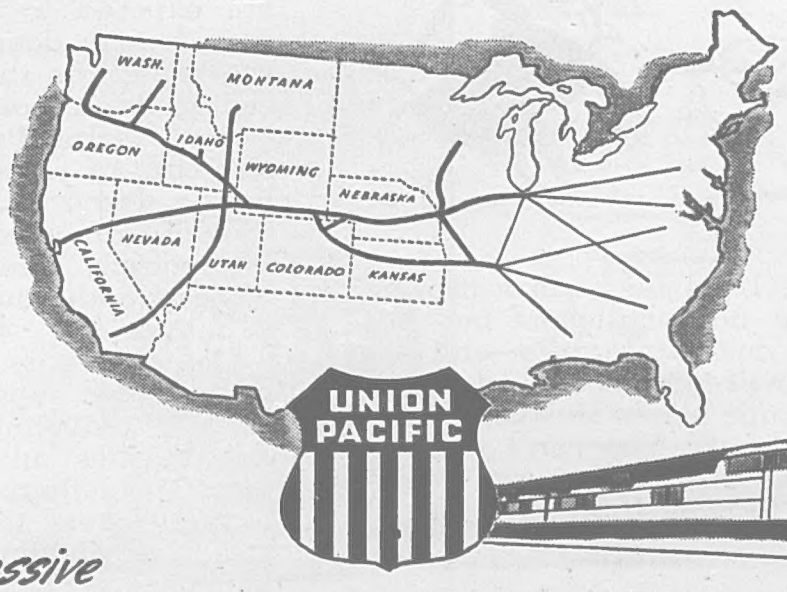
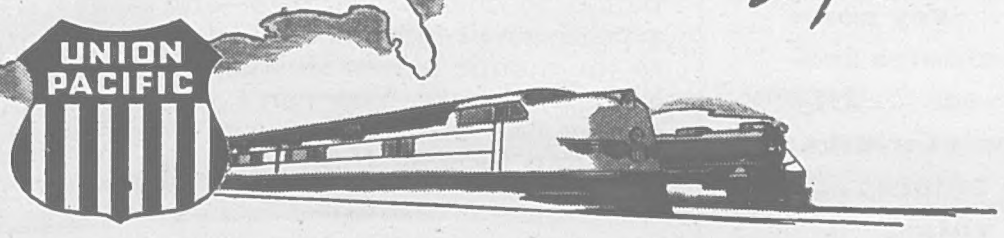
Remember that Union Pacific also serves California, the Pacific Northwest, and a number of famous National Parks such as Yellowstone; more western scenic regions, in fact, than any other railroad. It's the world's greatest vacation travel bargain.



For unexcelled rail service, to or from the West, go Union Pacific.



be Specific: say "Union Pacific"



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VOX POP

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NO CAUSE TO UNIFY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have just finished reading Paul Hunter's editorial, Unified National Defense (January 5).

He writes, "At Pearl Harbor we suffered a great disaster largely because the command of our defense forces was divided." That statement is not supported by a single fact. A commander in full charge could have made the same mistake.

He goes on to say that "Our future commanders will be neither generals, admirals, nor aviators, but a combination of all three, trained to use each arm for the work it can do best." But acquiring the knowledge necessary to become a master strategist in all branches of service is utterly impossible.

He further states, "There will be no danger of favoring one at the expense of the others." But the proposed set-up forces an altogether different conclusion. The actual set-up, with a Chief of Staff from the Army, would be a ratio of 5-2, with the two Navy men playing a minor role. The appropriations would be allotted by these seven men. Result—no Navy worth mentioning.—*Walter S. Stevenson.*

HUSBANDS UNLIKE POLITICIANS

U. S. NAVY—I just received the December 15 issue and I noticed a letter in Vox Pop written by Mrs. J. Vibart, who proposes a program for women to outlaw children until manufacture of the atom bomb is

outlawed. I believe such a program will force not politicians but husbands to make progress—and that progress will not be made in relation to the atomic bomb. Husbands aren't like politicians. You can't just vote a new one into office every year.—*Pfc. Ray Sexton, U.S.M.C.*

CALLING THE S.P.C.A.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Look closely at your cover (January 12) in which the cat is marooned up in a tree, and you'll see a boy on the street who's apparently just kicked a dog. The dog is running away, yelling his resentment.

Don't you think you could have eliminated that? You know perfectly well that boys imitate what they see in pictures. That bit of poor art spoils an otherwise excellent cover.—*Edward Dudley.*

INTRIGUING ARTWORK

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Your January 12 cover brought pleasure to

our entire household. The picture is filled with humor as well as pathos. It's a most intriguing work of art.—*Maude R. Brooks.*

EASY DOES IT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The full-color photograph accompanying Morris Markey's Steel Men with Iron Wills (November 10) depicts a worker shoveling material into an open-hearth furnace with the explanation that "Many steel-mill operations are savage, exhausting jobs which only rugged men can take."

Actually, workers like this one are exposed to the heat from the open-hearth door for periods which aggregate less than one hour in the course of a normal shift of eight hours. During that time they lift a shovelful of essential materials perhaps a dozen times. The weight of a shovelful may vary from twenty to fifty pounds. Men close to sixty years of age do this work without injury or fatigue.

Dolomite guns and charging machines have supplanted the bulk of furnace shoveling operations. Electric buggies and cranes have replaced wheelbarrows. Men now guide oxygen lances to open tapholes instead of wielding bars and sledge hammers.

These are not aspects of jobs that are "savage" or "exhausting."—*Walter S. Tower, President, American Iron and Steel Institute.*

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

WHEN YOU RECEIVE A LETTER FROM THE INCOME TAX BUREAU - AND YOU'RE SCARED STIFF IT'S AN INVITATION TO TROUBLE - ONLY TO FIND YOU'RE ENTITLED TO A **REFUND FOR OVER** - PAYMENT - **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

WHEN YOU CELEBRATE YOUR LUCK IN AN UNFAMILIAR TAVERN - AND DON'T KNOW **WHAT** KIND OF DRINK TO EXPECT - AND THEN YOU'RE SERVED A MARTINI MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN - SO SMOOTH, SO GLORIOUS, SO FULL OF GRAND FLAVOR - **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

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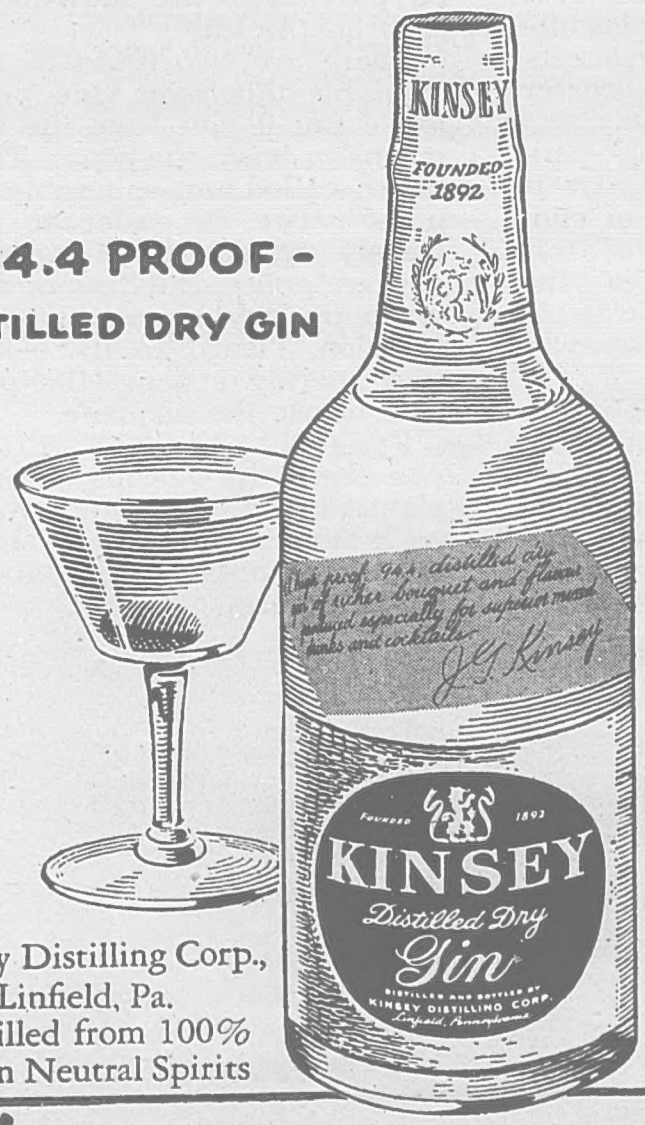

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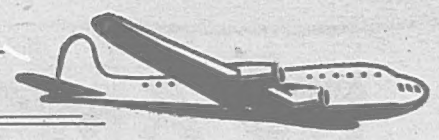


ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

How about the much heralded '46 boom in private flying? Is the optimism justified? It looks so! Here are convincing indications

THIS is going to be the greatest year of personal flying in aviation's history, and it will be greater in the United States than in all of the rest of the world put together.

For at least twenty years aviation prophets have heralded the day when large numbers of individuals would own and fly airplanes. That day has always been in the future. Previous booms (such as the one that followed the Lindbergh solo flight to Paris in 1927) have burst with disappointing consequences.

There isn't an old-timer in aviation who will go so far as to say "It's really here to stay this time"—but there isn't a man in civil aviation who doesn't hope it *is* here to stay.

This much is known right now: personal plane manufacturers have on hand far more orders than ever before. Applications for pilot certificates in all categories are skyrocketing. And there is a much greater interest in local airfields.

A conservative estimate of personal plane production this year is 40,000. The best production of civil aircraft in any previous year was 6,844 in 1941, and in that year the bulk of such production was of trainers for use in elementary war training programs.

Some of the aviation optimists point to orders on the books today from insurance salesmen, state-wide distributors of various products, poultry buyers and ranchers, as indicating the kind of utility market which the aircraft manufacturers have always wanted. If these 1946 buyers of personal planes use their air buggies in business or occupational activity, and keep flying them for two or more years, then the old-timers will admit that the civil aviation field is on firm foundation.

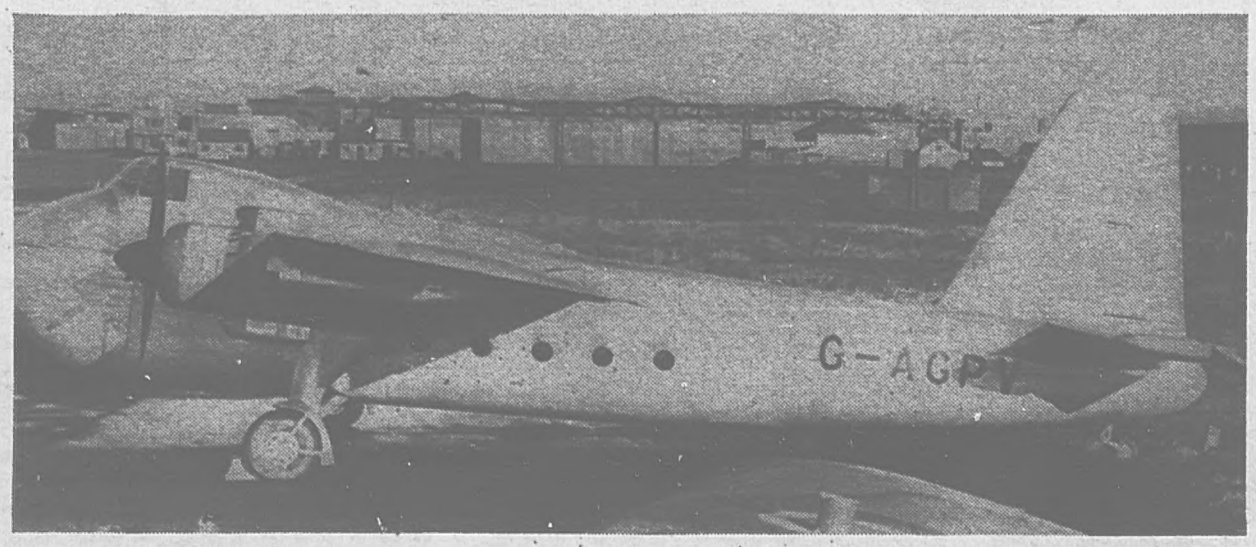
There are two markets for the personal airplane today. One is recreational—the market for the plane to be flown just for fun. Such a market has often been compared to the motorboat field. The recreational prospects are good but, like motorboating, are limited in volume.

The other market—almost unlimited, once it is developed—is the market for the utility airplane, used for business or as a regular means of transportation. Salesmen, executives, farmers, ranchers, buyers, and many others would use it to supplement or replace other travel.

The recreational market is going to be good in 1946, but the old-timers are keeping their eyes glued to the utility market—and this is the one that is unpredictable at this stage. All that is known is that utility purchasers are showing up with cash on the line.

There are two types of airplanes available this year. One provides a lot of fun if you have the time and means to learn the ropes. The other, the so-called non-spinnable or "foolproof" type, is easier to use and merely transports you to wherever you are going. Builders of the latter types are staying away from the expression, "learn to fly"—they say they merely instruct the purchaser how to use the airplane.

From time to time we will tell you about the various personal airplanes available this year. Next week we'll touch briefly on helicopters and tell of the prospects for airport and air-field construction.



ACME PHOTO

This is Britain's first postwar air liner, built entirely to civil design, by Bristol Aircraft Co. Wing span, 100 feet; cruising speed, 150 to 180 m.p.h.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HOBART TURNS TO THE LATIN

BORN in New York, now living in California, Alice Tisdale Hobart spent sixteen of the intervening years in China. She saw the end of the Manchu Empire, the coming of the Republic, the attempted destruction of all white people in Nanking in 1927. Married in Tientsin, she traveled by primitive cart to spend her honeymoon at the eastern tombs. The author of a number of novels set in China, she now turns to Mexico for a fascinating portrayal of the Latin at home in THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL, which is condensed in this week's issue.

OF STORIES AND RIVERS

ADDICTED to rivers from the time he started reading Mark Twain, Zachary Ball first got to know one when he went camping on an island in the middle of the Blue River in Nebraska. Later, having hooked up with show business at seventeen, he trouped the Mississippi with a showboat. Three years ago the writing bug bit him, and many of his stories since, like A RIGHT WOMAN on page 28, have been set in the river countries he knows so well. He and his collaborator, Saliee O'Brien, were both born in Missouri, joined forces in Texas, and are now in Florida, padding their files with swamp-river atmosphere and Seminole Indian lore.

NEXT WEEK

IT took a war to make us realize our tremendous capacity for production. How can we turn this know-how into profits and jobs? In FULL EMPLOYMENT—FOR BUSINESS, TOO! Henry A. Wallace points to exciting opportunities on our business frontiers. . . . THAT ACHING BACK most people complain about is a legacy left by our ancestors when they began walking on their hind legs. It can usually be cured, says Darrell Huff; but you'll be surprised to learn what a lot of things can cause it. . . . In the short story, THE LIFE AND WIFE OF JOHN EYRE, Nelia Gardner White gives a brilliant sketch of the male animal at his dumbest. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, GOD BLESS OUR AUNTS, by Rachel Meisenhelder, is the hilarious saga of a Pennsylvania-Dutch clan.

Here's why most Motorists prefer Champion Spark Plugs

THEY'RE DEPENDABLE!

Survey after survey proves that Champion Spark Plugs are first choice with most motorists. This preference is based on the fact that for thirty-five years every Champion Spark Plug represented the ultimate in dependability. That is why Champions insure peak performance in any car, the maximum in acceleration, power, speed, economy and efficiency. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS

A feast of fun ...
A romantic treat ...
It's entertainment that can't be beat!

their romance is *glorious!*

their troubles are *hilarious!*

the music is *tremendous!*

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with
TOM BRENEMAN

and

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BEULAH BONDI · EDWARD RYAN

RAY WALBURN · BILLIE BURKE

ZASU PITTS and HEDDA HOPPER

Plus! **ANDY RUSSELL**

Singing *"If I Had a Wishing Ring," "Amor"*
"Magic in the Moonlight"

SPIKE JONES
and His City Slickers
KING COLE TRIO

Original Story and Screenplay by Earl W. Baldwin
Directed by Harold Schuster

Produced by ROBERT S. GOLDEN
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

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NOW ON THE SCREEN!

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CAUGHT YOUR NEW PICTURE BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD STOP E
THOUGH YOU SAVE YOUR KISSES FOR THE ELDERLY LADIES
EVERYONE SHOULD LOVE THE MOVIE STOP I DID AND MY ART
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BING CROSBY.
UNION
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BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD MADE A GREAT MOVIE STOP BUT
BECAUSE YOU'VE CLICKED IN RADIO AND FILMS DON'T DO
CROSBY AND GET MIXED UP WITH THE HORSES=
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BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT VINE ST AT
SUNSET BLVD HOLLYWOOD CALIF=
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TO RENT YOU MINE REASONABLY
JACK BENNY.
UNION
THANKS FOR THE ORCHIDS, FELLERS... THEY'VE GONE RIGHT TO MY HEAD!
UNION
TOM BRENEMAN=
RESTAURANT 1525 N VINE ST HOLLYWOOD CALIF=
TALK FAST ENOUGH TO PRAISE SUFFICIENTLY YOUR
BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD PICTURE. SWOONED AT RUSSELL. I
THE KING COLE TRIO. ROARED AT SPIKE JONES AND Y
WERE TERRIFIC. GABLE NOT SAFE WITH BRENEMAN IN
MOVIES=
DANNY KAYE.
UNION
TOM BRENEMAN. HIS HONOR MAYOR OF ENCINO=
AMERICAN BROADCASTING CO HOLLYWOOD CALIF=
CHARLIE LAUGHED SO HARD HE NEARLY SPLIT WHEN HE SAW
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ON THOSE WEIRD WOMEN'S HATS STOP WILL TAKE MORTIME
NEXT TIME=
EDGAR BERGEN.
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TOM BRENEMAN=
CARE UNITED ARTISTS 1041 N FORMOSA AVE HOLLYWOOD
YOUR PICTURE BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD STOP IT'S TOP
ENTERTAINMENT AND REMINDS ME OF THE DAY WE HOWLED TH
AUDIENCE WHEN WE WERE IN VAUDEVILLE. VAUDEVILLE THA
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

LIBERTY PHOTO BY O. F. HESS

Veterans get first crack at scarce building materials, and there's a labor shortage besides.

So You Want to Build?

BY STACY V. JONES

PERHAPS you have just exhausted the last possibility on your list. Fourteen real-estate offices have declined even to file your name as a rental applicant. And the place which sounded so enticing in the description under "Houses for Sale" proved to have a stream right enough, but the stream ran from the eaves down through the living room. So you say to yourself, "I'll build my own home."

A million or more Americans have made that decision, and then have begun a new adventure. Most of them are finding it can be done, but it isn't easy.

There are two ways to begin. One is the old-fashioned method, which was general ten years ago, of engaging an architect and then sitting down with him and a builder to see what can be built with the money you have to spend. You choose your lot, and the architect adapts the house to the land and to you.

> Here, in a nutshell, are your chances of building a house this year or next. And don't snicker. Some homes *are* going to be built and, if you know your way around, one of them might be yours

The second method, which most home buyers follow today, especially in the large cities, is to buy the whole thing packaged. The house, the lot, and the financing are wrapped up together and handed to you by the builder or developer.

You can still pick out your lot and have your house tailored to measure. This is the only way to get exactly the architecture and arrangement that you want. But it may be easier to choose a house that has been completed by a developer, or to order one finished in the style of a model house that pleases you, keeping your eye on the price. You may be able to have special features incorporated, as well as to choose the wallpaper and paint.

The way to start, then, is (*Continued on page 55*)

FAME OVER A WEEKEND

BY LLOYD SHEARER

Hollywood and the public have always considered Ray Milland a handsome, pleasant addition to any picture. Now, in his fifty-third film, he turns out to be a sensational actor. A new switch on the old story of a movie "find"

AFTER fifteen years and fifty-three leading roles in pictures, Ray Milland at last has been discovered. With startling unanimity the critics and gossip columnists say that if he doesn't win an Academy award this year for his portrayal of the dipsomaniac in The Lost Weekend, then there is no justice in California, and Paramount should move lock, stock, and Lamour to Florida. As a starter he has received the New York Film Critics award for the best acting of 1945.

His characterization in the picture was so marked in its accuracy and realism that he now gets 200 letters a week from alcoholics throughout the world. They plead with him to disclose his cure. Most of them are certain he or a member of his family has at one time or another been a dipsomaniac, "or how would you know that alcoholics walk with their shoulders?"

Milland says he hates to disappoint these people, but that neither he nor his wife, nor his parents, nor his five-year-old son, Daniel, has ever been a dipsomaniac. His extensive knowledge of the subject is purely academic, with a good deal of scientific personal research and field work thrown in.

"Weeks before the studio started shooting The Lost Weekend," he explains, "I studied drunks in dozens of bars. It got so that I could tell an alcoholic from a drunk, a dipso from a sot. I watched the way alcoholics walked and talked, the way they screwed up their faces, hunched their shoulders, bent their heads. At the library I boned up on alcohol and its effects on the human body. I asked doctors why men were driven to drink, how many different types of hangovers there were. I tried to get the feel of an alcoholic's life."

While Milland was doing all this, his wife says he was virtually impossible to live with. He began living and thinking like a liquor addict. When the picture finally got under

This scene of a dipsomaniac in a world of torment was cut from Lost Weekend.

way, he was worse. To sustain the feeling of a craving, liquor-mad besotted dipsomaniac, he played the role offscreen as well as on.

"I had a hold on the characterization," he says, "and I was determined not to lose it."

"Instead," cracks his wife, "he almost lost me."

Ordinarily in role-studying, Milland is thorough, but not that thorough. The reason he put so much effort into the role of Don Birnam was that it was the first part given him in fifteen years in which he didn't have to prance about as the charming virile young lover. Here was a character part in which he could prove once and for all whether he was a great actor or an ordinary Hollywood ham.

Milland was quick to realize that no actor is better than his role, and that all the memorable roles in movie history have been character parts. Bette Davis was nothing until she played the ruthless, despicable waitress in Of Human Bondage. Rosalind Russell was regarded by the movie public as a sweet innocuous heroine until she proved in Craig's Wife that it wasn't too smart to be too good a housekeeper. Humphrey Bogart won his first screen acclaim as the gunman in The Petrified Forest. Ditto George Raft in Scarface.

"I knew," Milland admits, "that I had the best part I would ever get. I gave it everything I had."

That his "everything" was more than sufficient to make The Lost Weekend one of the truly great films of all time and establish his eminence as one of the screen's finest actors are now established facts.

The picture is being touted, along with Milland, as a sure Academy award winner. Since completing Lost Weekend, Milland has made three other pictures not yet released—The Well Groomed Bride, The Trouble with Women, and The Imperfect Lady. He is currently at work on a fourth—California—in which he plays the role of a full-fledged heel. When he finishes that one, he will take a vacation and then go to England to star in a vehicle for Hal Wallis and Arthur Rank.

Milland has been promised the best roles on the Paramount lot for the next seven years. His old contract has been torn up and a new one written for $240,000 a year. Play manuscripts, foreign offers, and countless radio deals have been offered him.

One picture has done more for him than all the other fifty-two. Even Billy Wilder, the man who directed The Lost Weekend, admits Milland is great, though Wilder originally objected to Ray for the lead on the grounds that he wasn't a good enough actor.

Milland admits it was Wilder's classic direction which made the picture the hit it is. It was Wilder who insisted they shoot actual scenes of Third Avenue and Bellevue Hospital in New York. It was Wilder who had his cameras hidden in large crates and planted on Third Avenue so as not to arouse the curiosity of spectators and pedestrians. It was Wilder who demanded and got absolute accuracy in the portrayal of a dipsomaniac. And the New York critics liked Wilder's directing well enough to pick him as top man in his field in 1945.

To his wife and son, Daniel, the domestic Milland's a man of mercurial moods.

Milland is not only quick to share credit but is honest enough to suggest that a possible reason for his getting the role may have been that Paramount had virtually no other actor on the lot at the time who could play it. "All the studio had," he explains, "was Alan Ladd, Eddie Bracken, Sonny Tufts, and myself, although they could've borrowed practically anybody else they wanted."

Such frankness is one of the traits which makes Milland unusual among actors in Hollywood today. He is thirty-eight, and doesn't care who knows it, not even the bobby-soxers who occasionally sneak into his house to leave mash notes.

Intent and frequently strained, he is one of the easiest actors on the lot to work with. He displays no tantrums and engages in no script disputes. Directors, prop men, and extras swear by him.

This workmanlike attitude, while ordinary in other businesses and

(*Continued on page 48*)

Honesty Is the Best Tax Policy

THE U. S. Treasury always gets its man!

Its enforcement agents are among the most thorough, and the most implacable, officials in our government. Once the Treasury has a man indicted for a criminal offense, he might as well be measured for his stripes.

At present the Treasury is engaged in the greatest drive against tax evaders in our history. It has the staff; it has the law; it has the know-how. So if you have been chiseling on your income tax, you had better reconsider your returns. If you are caught, the Treasury may collect the tax due, plus a 50-percent penalty for fraud; or it may present the evidence against you to the Department of Justice and ask for criminal proceedings against you; or it may do both.

Moreover, time is not on your side. There is no statute of limitations in the income-tax law. If Treasury agents don't question your fraudulent return this year, they may next year—or in five or ten years.

Though most Americans are honest in their tax returns, there is always a small minority who cheat. To them the war was a field day for chiseling. And the odds seemed with them. The number of taxpayers jumped from 4,000,000 in 1940 to about 50,000,000 during the war. The amount of taxes collected rose from about five billion to nearly fifty-four billion dollars. Although the Treasury's personnel was depleted by the draft, those remaining had more to do than the Department had ever coped with before; the withholding tax alone meant setting up new accounts for 50,000,000 people. Wartime scarcities and controls were made to order for chiselers. The black market was a gold mine—and practically all black-market operators are tax violators.

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., then Secretary of the Treasury, first became worried about the black-market phase about two years ago when several syndicates tried to corner the war-restricted whisky market, selling—for the record—at OPA ceiling prices but making deliveries only when they received "side money" —in cash.

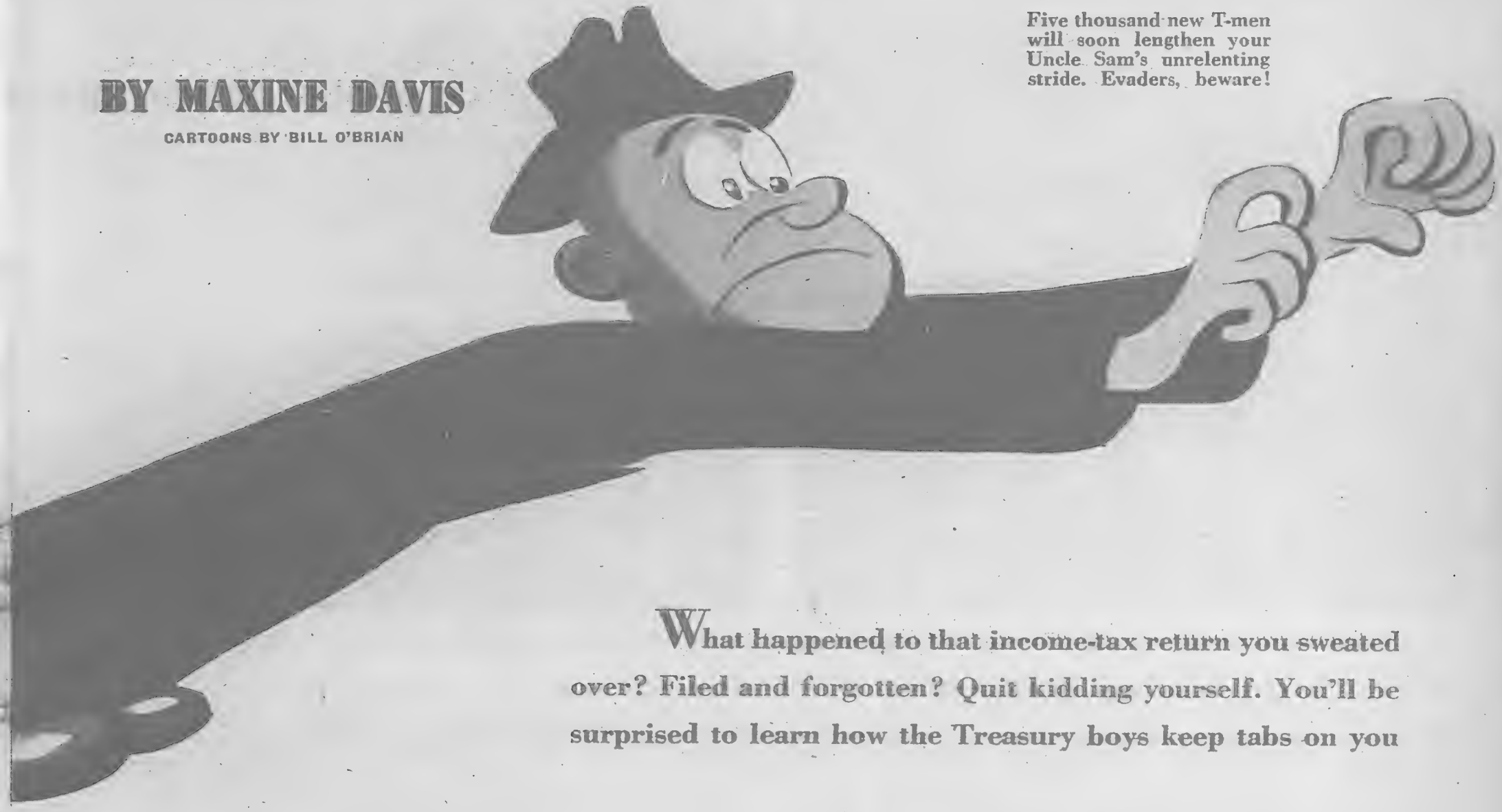
This "side money" ran up into millions—and cash is conspicuous. The little black bag came back into fashion. One collector for a liquor syndicate carried a Gladstone bag that was so crammed with bills of large denominations that on one occasion he couldn't jam his last $12,000 into it. Another wrapped his "take" in newspaper bundles and referred to them as "lettuce." Yet a third, while temporarily confined to the hospital, did business from his bed. Once a nurse came in after a visitor had departed and saw what turned out to be $80,000 in bills on the bed. She was sure there had been a robbery and ran to call the police.

The Treasury's alcohol-tax unit ran down this racketeering in cooperation with OPA and also worked closely with the intelligence unit. The profiteers were prosecuted both for black-market operations and for income-tax fraud. The black market in whisky was broken. Besides the whisky racket, however, the Treasury found alarming tax evasion in many fields in almost every community. People making more money than ever before did not want to divide with the government. For instance, officials of a preserving company allotted 30,000,000 pounds of sugar to make jams and jellies for the Navy are currently under indictment on charges that they turned every ounce of it over to beverage manufacturers and defrauded the government of nearly a million dollars taxes on the profits. A maker of surgical bandages diverted millions of yards of textiles to fabricators of luxury goods. Raisins needed for the armed services went to the California wineries, and the Treasury estimates nearly $12,000,000 in taxable income was concealed. Dealers in used automobiles, in jewelry, furs, meat, produce, even in onions and canned pineapples, went into the black market and cheated the Treasury as well as the public.

With a quarter of its staff already gone, the Treasury did not have enough men to run down all these cases. So last summer Secretary

BY MAXINE DAVIS

CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN



Five thousand new T-men will soon lengthen your Uncle Sam's unrelenting stride. Evaders, beware!

What happened to that income-tax return you sweated over? Filed and forgotten? Quit kidding yourself. You'll be surprised to learn how the Treasury boys keep tabs on you

Morgenthau got more funds from Congress to employ 5,000 additional investigators and clerical help to back them up. He estimated that, with them, he could ultimately collect an additional billion dollars, and the cost would be one dollar for every twenty collected. Morgenthau's successor, Fred M. Vinson, is vigorously carrying on the drive against evasion.

THESE 5,000 new tax police will not be a Gestapo. They will not gumshoe around your premises or sneak into your kitchen. They are trained as special investigators according to a well-established pattern.

The Treasury could not run a help-wanted ad and get them all at once. Special investigators must be selected and trained. Because of the emergency, the Treasury is trying to obtain returning veterans for the jobs. Instead of its former demand for two years of practical accounting experience or the possession of a certificate as a certified public accountant, the Treasury now accepts applications from men who have completed an accepted course in accounting. Men with legal or investigative experience also may qualify as special agents. Agents are paid from $3,000 to $5,000 a year.

The Treasury thoroughly investigates every applicant. Once a man has been hired, he is trained in a three-part training program. First he goes to a school. This school has a peripatetic faculty. Classes are likely to be held in such places as a night club (by day) or a customhouse courtroom. Criminal investigation and law enforcement are taught. If you sit through this course, you understand why the Treasury always gets its man. You are taught everything from interviewing to sewing up a case, to make sure your procedures are painstakingly legal and correct. Once this course is finished, the new investigator is taught how to look up tax frauds. Finally he learns income-tax law.

The special investigator works first as part of a squad under a seasoned supervisor. Only when he is wholly competent is he permitted to work independently.

The intelligence agent, as a rule, does not hunt up his own work. Suggestions of tax fraud are usually turned over to him. Sometimes he does smell out tax evasion himself. For instance, one agent read a sports columnist's story of a spectacular loser at the race track, and found the gambler's expenditures far in excess of his reported income. Another special agent read of a woman who had lost her purse containing $5,000. She reported the loss to the police and recovered the money. That agent looked up her tax return and ultimately discovered the disreputable source of the cash.

The best source of indications of tax fraud, year in and year out, is the individual tax return. Deputy collectors, who handle the returns in the lower brackets, and revenue agents—who are auditors or accountants—who handle the upper brackets, usually know when returns look fraudulent and turn them over to intelligence agents.

This is not difficult, because of routine procedure in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The same man is quite apt to go over your return year after year. Consequently, if you stray from the path of income-tax forthrightness, he will probably notice it by a sort of reflex action. Each year

(*Continued on page 68*)

High living on low declared earnings will get you woe.

After breakfast at the Last Frontier, the girls are eager to go skiing.

They don their ski clothes and meet in front of the fireplace.

From Sun to Snow— in 60 Minutes

IN the fabulous country around Las Vegas, Nevada, where winter and summer are neighbors, an hour's drive takes you from sun suit to ski suit.

The reason: the proximity of desert and mountains. On the desert floor it's hot, even in midwinter. But close by loom the mountains with their

Gloria Graham (M-G-M) is smartly costumed in Catalina sweater and Lanz mitts.

Joan Fulton (Universal) greets the eye with a Hirsch-Weis red parka and detachable hood.

Joan Thorsen (M-G-M) turns out in a White Stag ski outfit—and a touch of lipstick.

By keeping their heads, the girls keep their feet: rare for skiing novices.

Frozen treat: clean snow and maple syrup—try it!

mantles of snow.

A favorite week-end jaunt of Southern Californians is to go there via Union Pacific streamliner for fun and frolic in sun and snow.

Let Liberty's cameraman take you there in company with three eye-filling starlets—Gloria Graham, Joan Fulton, and Joan Thorsen.

Boarding the streamliner in Los Angeles, they were soon speeding through the sun country of the California desert to Las Vegas and the Last Frontier Hotel, not far away.

Morning found them sunning in their play clothes, not believing winter was only an hour away. Being Missouri girls they soon pulled on their ski togs, loaded up the station wagon and set out to ski (pardon) for themselves at the Mount Charleston Ski Bar Ranch.

Soon they were learning to ski, achieving that glorious freedom of motion discovered centuries ago when the ancient Norsemen dreamed up the grand old art of skiing.

Tired from their day in the snow, the girls begin to shed their ski jackets near the Ski Bar ranch house.

Joan Thorsen, in a Jantzen sweater, talks over the day's ups and downs as the girls sup a little at the ranch before they start back to the sun country.

One World

Here's what it looks like — the One World we gave our blood, sweat, and tears to save. Our sky-loose correspondent, back from 120 days around the world, returns with some interesting yarns and some shrewd observations

FOUR months of looking at "one world" from the air, from all angles and various altitudes, reveals that poverty and distress are bleakly apparent practically everywhere. Thank your lucky stars you are living in the United States where panhandlers have a better standard of living than most people in most other parts of the world. If this is the result of democracy, then let's have more of it—our demagogues and racketeers to the contrary. Our political and industrial agitations are, in my opinion, nothing more than warts on the tail of progress.

Abroad, the main fight for this season is over, and the winner, wearing star-spangled trunks, has rushed pell-mell out of the ring leaving his gloves, championship belt, and some part at least of his prestige behind.

But to continue with some impressions of my trip: No matter what potentialities the atom bomb may have in the future, it didn't defeat Japan. The sadistic Sons of Heaven were flat on their fanatical faces before Hiroshima and Nagasaki were hit. And you need shed no tears over the loss of homes. The ruins are dotted with machine tools, evidencing that most were little war factories. All the Japanese people now know by official notification of the emperor that they were defeated. The top bosses sensed it after Guadalcanal; they knew it after the second naval battle of the Philippines. When Emperor Hirohito bowed low to the Potsdam Agreement, the homeland had reached the bottom of the barrel of raw materials with which to make war. It had no way to get more supplies because its Navy was practically gone, its cargo ships were disappearing fast, and the people were on the verge of starvation.

Who killed cock robin—the Japs in this case—is a nice question for discussion, but when I hear the Navy, or the Army, or the Air Forces proclaim, "I killed cock robin with my bow and arrow," I take it as an expression of pride in individual performance. It's like a center on a football team saying he won the game because he passed the ball first on each play. Having listened to these various claims, I grew lyrical at the nursery level and wrote the following:

THIS is the house the Japs built.
This is the bomb that hit the house the Japs built.
This is the plane that dropped the bomb that hit the house the Japs built.

This is the field that serviced the plane that dropped the bomb that hit the house the Japs built.

This is the soldier who captured the island that had the field that serviced the plane that dropped the bomb that hit the house the Japs built.

This is the sailor who manned the ships that helped the soldier to capture the island that had the field that serviced the plane that dropped the bomb that hit the house the Japs built.

This is the worker who built the fleet that carried the gobs who manned the ships that helped the soldier to capture the

with Variations

by
JACQUELINE COCHRAN

island that had the field that serviced the plane that dropped the bomb that hit the house the Japs built.

This is the staff with the Pentagon corns who made the plans from early morn to guide the worker who built the fleet that carried the gobs who manned the ships that helped the soldier to capture the island that had the field that serviced the plane that dropped the bomb that hit the house the Japs built.

This is the guy who paid the bill and paid it well with wonderful will to back up the staff with the Pentagon corns who made the plans from early morn—etc., etc., etc.

NEVERTHELESS, the sooner we all recognize that the air age is here and act accordingly, the stronger and safer our democracy will be.

And speaking of the air age, for three years I yearned for the opportunity to drop a bomb on Hirohito's palace. It was the impractical wish of a woman, but I was flying over Tokyo recently when the desire came over me to "buzz" the palace. I went so low I nearly took the roof off. If the Son of Heaven was baking a cake at the time, it certainly fell from the vibration. A few days later A.A.F. headquarters in Tokyo prohibited all flying within a certain distance of the palace. I hope I annoyed the emperor, but I'm sorry if I annoyed our own forces, and apologize. Symbolically, I was blowing the royal household into smithereens.

The emperor's palace wall has several gates, and Hirohito's subjects in the past have been required to turn toward the palace and bow low as they passed any of them. I watched this procedure one morning. A woman bowed, but her son, aged about seven, didn't. She ordered him to bow, still he refused. Finally she gave him a kick that sent him sprawling. He got up, turned toward the palace and bowed low. I wondered if his resistance meant the coming of a new generation or whether all Japs learned to worship the emperor through the seats of their pants.

The Japanese people are clean. They also have a different standard of modesty from ours. Almost any day while traveling about Tokyo I could see Japanese women in their improvised shacks stripped and bathing themselves and their children. The G.I.s were rather taken with this custom. Lest someone get the idea that I am a little soft about the Japanese, let me add that I think them arrogant and insolent. They are people who bow and don't mean it. But the streets of Tokyo are filled with Japanese children and the laugh or cry of a child is the same in any language. But there was not much laughter in Japan. Give these youngsters of the various countries proper education and the world will be all right. There can be no democracy without education.

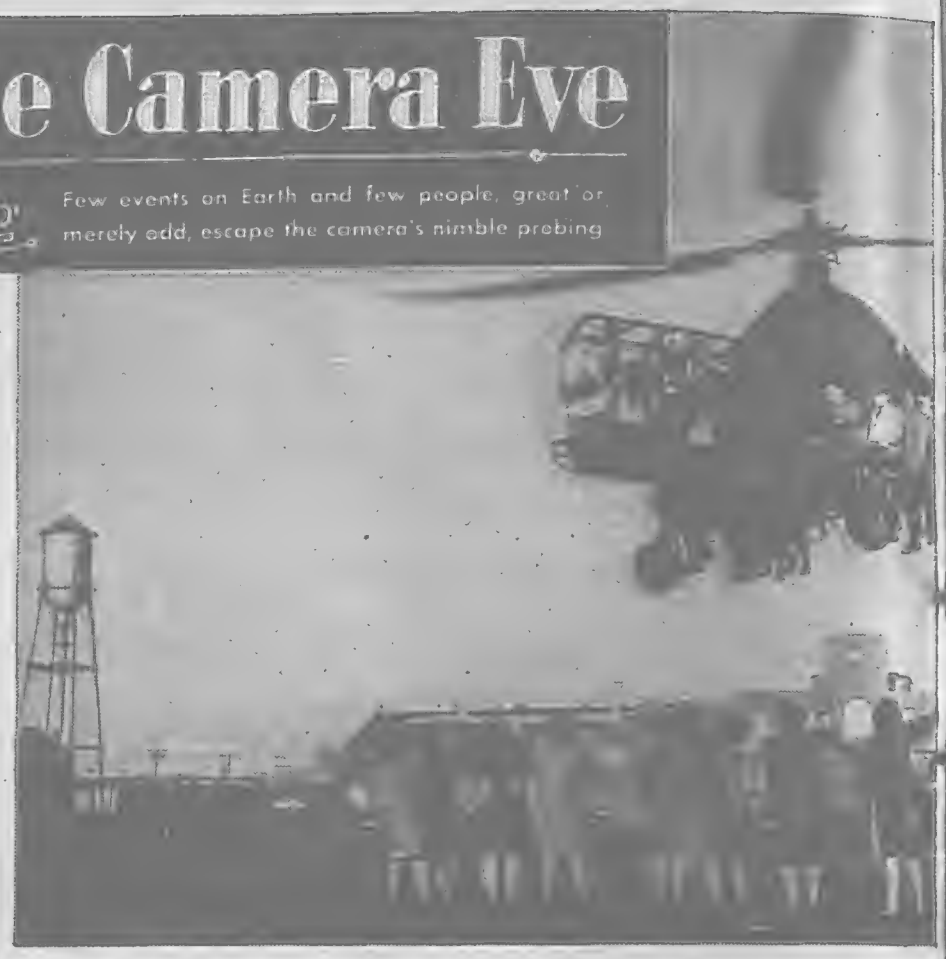
In many parts of the Far East the Japs had not been disarmed when I was there. I had one curious experience in this connection. The American Tenth Air Force, known in Malaya as the Biscuit Bombers and also as the Transient Tenth because it moved headquarters so often, (*Continued on page 72*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

PRESS ASSOCIATION

PIN-UP GIRL AND A CARBON COPY—Trumpeter Harry James is entitled to toot long and loud over this pair—his wife, delectable Betty Grable, and daughter Victoria, two. Quite a well-fed miss, isn't she?



COMMUTERS' SPECIAL?—The subway technique prevailed here as an Army-Sikorsky helicopter lifted eighteen persons at Bridgeport. If we commute like this, heaven help the last man aboard.

LABIAL LEO—Manager Durocher of Dem (Brooklyn) Bums absorbs the Miami Beach sunshine before reporting for spring training. The one at whom you have been looking all the time? New York's Edna Ryan.

ACME

ACME

WELL, A JOB'S A JOB—But even the workmen seemed remorseful as they decapitated the war-bond statue in New York City's Times Square.

PRESS ASSOCIATION

DISPLACED PERSONAGE—Taking time out in Florida, Mr. Churchill has rewritten his future to read "food, heat, and beers." With him are his wife and his host, Col. Frank Clarke. The shirt's at ease and the necktie's gone, but the cigar's still there.

INTERNATIONAL

GENIUS KAPUT?—Here's once when a camera trifled with the truth. Einstein appears to be woolgathering. Actually, he's protesting to photographers that their lights bother his eyes. Scene's a Washington hearing.

HE'S ROUGHING IT— Even the great Byron Nelson leaves the fairways sometimes in pursuit of the pesky little pill. Despite a lie in the forest primeval, he hit par on the hole.

ACME

PRESS ASSOCIATION

THERE'S A BIG LACK HERE—And we're not alluding to the weird haircuts, which certainly look accidental to an Occidental. But among all these orphans at the Angel Guardian Home in Kumamoto, Japan, there appears not the merest trace of a smile.

To That Serpentine Memory

NOW, ordinarily I don't stick my nose into other people's business, and I should have had enough sense not to do it this time. But when I noticed this stringy-looking sunburned marine walk into the Pink Elephant Bar in San Francisco and order a *double* zombie, I felt a strong call of duty to a fellow leatherneck.

"Mac," I said, "I do not mean to butt into your private affairs, especially while you are on liberty, but you are plainly unfamiliar with what you are about to put into your stomach, unless you desire to see worse-looking snakes than those in the mural over there."

The stringy individual looked me up and down, not failing to note my Second Division patch, and said, "Captain, I wish to thank you for your solicitude on my behalf, but as

a matter of fact, the very reason that I am about to quaff such a potent concoction has to do with a memory of a snake, a very brave snake, and it is to that serpentine memory I now drink this rugged mixture in salute."

And then, so help me Hannah, without taking the glass from his lips, he downed that double zombie.

He put the glass on the bar with a steady hand and turned to me, saying, "I observe a look of perplexity upon your puss, captain. No doubt you desire to know more regarding this business of the snake, and I, Corporal Butch Hatfield, will be glad to give you the dope in full and without embellishment."

I nodded the head yes.

"Well," Butch continued, "being in the Second Division, no doubt you know little of our landing at Fubartango made by the Seventh Regiment late in '43."

I admitted that I didn't.

"It was a good show for a small operation. My squad was in East Company, First Battalion, and we hit the beach at Fubartango in the first assault wave. I wasn't particularly disturbed about the palookas in my squad—that is, all except one guy, a new replacement by the name of Copperhead Williams.

"I tried to keep an eye on this Copperhead lad. He was acting a little screwy, I thought, because I could see him off on my left flank poking along with his rifle in one hand and a long forked stick in the other.

"We dug in before dusk, since our first mission was to get in and secure this beachhead while some other outfits hustled several miles farther back to grab an airfield. Later we were to join and secure the whole area. Well, I was sitting there on the edge of my foxhole when I heard a strange noise in the brush. I cocked my piece and waited to see what the score was. The thrashing got louder and I raised up to fire, when somebody yelled, 'Don't shoot! It's me, Copperhead Williams.'

"There came that big redhead out of the boondocks dragging an ammo box behind him that was damned near as big as he was. Inside that ammo box was the biggest damnedest snake I ever saw in my life. That joker was about thirty feet long and as big around as my thigh.

"Soon as I could get hold of myself I flipped my M-1 up to shoot the reptile through the eye, but Copperhead jumped to put himself between the snake and me, and said, 'Please don't shoot, Butch. Let me explain.' I kept my rifle on the reptile and said, 'O.K., buddy, start explaining.'

"We stood there like that and Copperhead told me his story. It seems that in civilian life he is a professional herpetologist, making his living on a ranch in Texas, catching various and sundry *Ophidia.*"

"Come again with that pitch," I said.

"*Ophidia,* snakes," Butch explained. "This Private Copperhead Williams tells me he is crazy about snakes and has been since childhood,

when he used a rattler's tail for a teething ring. He tells me that when he enlists in the Marine Corps and they ship him to the South Pacific, he is one of the happiest men alive because of the opportunity it will afford him to see new varieties of snakes. So when we landed, he had hoped to find something in the boondocks at Fubartango and was carrying the forked stick for that purpose.

"As luck would have it, as he goes cruising through the boondocks he comes across the prone body of this reptile which he called a reticulated python. A shell fragment from the preliminary bombardment had bounced off this snake's noggin and knocked it cold.

"Copperhead poured a dram of brandy down the snake's throat, which alone made me mad enough to throw the book at him. In addition to that, he broke out his first-aid kit and gave this overgrown garter snake a couple of sulfa pills and even tied a bandage around the damned thing's head so that it looked like Baby Snooks with the mumps.

"After hearing all this, I said, 'Copperhead, you have indeed related a fascinating story, but now you can answer the sixty-four-dollar question. Pray tell your backward squad leader just how you expect to keep a thirty-foot python for a pet in a jungle filled with Nips and other unpleasantries?'

" 'Please, Butch, give us a chance,' says Copperhead, and he looked so earnest and that snake's eyes were so full of affection I didn't have the heart to separate them then. After that, Copperhead went off to his own foxhole, dragging the big ammo box after him. He told me he was going to call it Sadie because she was a lady snake.

"The next day we got the word we weren't moving out and could take it easy, so most of the guys spent their time around Copperhead, gawking at the snake. Sadie felt better by this time and was cramped from staying in the box. She stretched herself out once in a

The marine lifted his glass and said, "This has to do with the memory of a snake, a very brave snake." And so it did

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY CAPTAIN EARL J. WILSON, U.S.M.C.R.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE BOWIE

movement that almost scattered my whole squad over the area. And she managed to eat a little broth that Copperhead made for her by putting K-ration canned pork loaf in his helmet and boiling it with water.

"You know how it is living in a foxhole, captain. Boredom creeps in, nothing to do, each man full of ennui and goofing off. That's how it was, and Sadie relieved the boredom. She was something to watch, and the few that wanted to knock her off were howled down.

"That night we heard a blood-curdling scream not far away, and when we investigated in the morning we found that Sadie had crawled out of her box to crush a Shambo sniper who had been hiding in a big banyan tree observing our movements. We were thankful, naturally, but that made us a little leery of Sadie, because, despite everything that Copperhead told us, none of us was really convinced that that snake could tell the difference between a Nip and a marine.

"Well, to make a long story short, we stayed in that bivouac area a week, and Copperhead spent every minute he could training that snake. Finally we got our orders to move out, and I tell you the truth—I don't know what the hell we would have done in that swampy jungle without Sadie. When a jeep got stuck in one of those big mudholes, Copperhead would show up with Sadie tagging along, and the first thing you knew he would get that snake wrapped around a coconut palm with her tail around the front bumper of the jeep and with one grunt she would usually pull it smack out of the mud.

"Copperhead got some old haversacks and fixed them so he could strap them on Sadie's back like a saddle. She would slither along beside him carrying as much gear as five other guys. She even helped out the communication lads. Two or three times when they wanted to get up some big coconut tree, she would wrap herself around it and make a regular ladder for them to go up and string their wire.

"My boys got to love the old gal after that. They would go up to stroke her and she would wag her tail like mad. They found they got snake oil on their hands, which was good for the rifles.

"By the time old Barbwire Burnett, our first sergeant, found out about Sadie, there wasn't much he could do. Especially after one fire fight when we got pinned down and Sadie carried a message in her mouth back to the C. P. that brought us enough fire support to go forward. She came riding back from that little excursion on the top of a tank, and the Old Man said that when the campaign was over he was going to recommend the Marine Corps organize a snake company.

"Well, we had it easy at first, there at Fubartango, but things got rugged later. One outfit had reached the airfield, but in order for us to join with them and clear the beachhead it was necessary to take a big hill that dominated the area. This was known as Hill 840.

"All night we slammed the place

with artillery, and at 0800 we shoved off on the advance. Nothing happened, neither side fired a shot, and we kept on pushing forward, nosing in the brush and waiting. Copperhead was close to me, with that big snake acting as runner.

"It was a tortuous climb, with everyone slipping on the wet grass and climbing on all fours. Sadie helped us a lot pulling us up. When we got a third of the way up the slope, we came to a deep volcanic fissure and we had to split from the company on our right flank.

"That was what the Nips were waiting for. They cut loose on us with Nambus, field guns, mortars, and snipers. We only had about two fifty yards to go to reach the crest of that hill, but with that ravine between us it seemed the longest distance in the world.

"I was right beside old Copperhead. We were catching hell, especially from that mountain gun. It was the key to the whole hill. In order to get it you had to cross that volcanic fissure and climb up the last slope, and at least one Nambu covered that approach.

"Pretty soon I heard Copperhead say, 'Come on, Sadie, let's show 'em.' From my position I could see them plain as day. They started off, with Sadie making knots and Copperhead clinging to her tail. When they got up to that ravine, old Sadie just stretched herself across it like a big rope and Copperhead crawled across on her back.

"About that time the Nambu opened up on them with all it had, but Copperhead was close enough by then to toss some grenades and knock it out. I saw Sadie give him a push that sent him sprawling down the hill. A few minutes after that the mountain gun stopped firing. The other guys saw us going ahead and followed, and we took the hill.

"I was one of the first to reach that mountain gun position. It was evident what had happened. Old Sadie's body and the dead Nips told the story. After pushing Copperhead to safety, she had crept up under that cannon and waited for her chance. When it came, she stuck her head and body right down into the barrel. Next time it fired, the round backfired and burst the breech and knocked out the Nips manning it."

The corporal's eyes were misty as he reached into his pocket and pulled out his billfold. For a minute I thought he was going to pay the check. "See this," he said in funereal tones, showing me a snakeskin wallet. "Sadie still serves."

The juke box in the Pink Elephant was playing softly. I looked at the bartender and said, "Better let me have one of those double zombies too, Al."

THE END

Today Could Be

BY DONNA GEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

"Oh, Robert, how can we make her safe?" Mrs. Bantly was pleading as she watched the clock and waited for her teen-age daughter to come home. But experience was teaching Jeannie what parents never could

HER mother's voice roused Jean; but it was the wonderful feeling that really woke her: the feeling that today it might happen! That super something you forever expected, life might bring it today!

Her mother waited in the doorway, trying to look goodmorningish and not too harassed. "Pee Wee is downstairs with his tennis racket, but you needn't try to get out of the ironing."

Jean stirred luxuriously. "Mother, do you wake up in the morning feeling like 'Today it might happen!'?"

"Yes," her mother admitted dryly, "and it usually does."

"I mean something groovy," Jean objected. "Like meeting your dream man, or being suddenly glamorous or rich or famous. Don't you *ever* feel that way?"

"Maybe I used to, but now I'd settle to get the ironing done. It's almost ten o'clock."

Jean nudged her feet into her moccasins, crawled into her jeans, pulled her half-buttoned man's shirt over her head, and went to the mirror.

Mrs. Bantly threw back the bedding and fished out the bobby pins Jean had shed during the night, watching her draw a comb leisurely through the long hair that caught the sun like clear honey.

"If you didn't waste time with im-

Out of This World

possible dreams, maybe some day you would be rich or famous. If your dream man could see the mess in this room!"

Jean's eyes smarted. Not because of what her mother had said, but because the lovely feeling was gone already. She shuffled out of the room. "Sometimes I think you're a pretty sad apple, mom."

MRS. BANTLY stopped smoothing the sheet. She'd fixed Jean's breakfast, and had felt protective and happy about letting her sleep, and anxious for her to waken and maybe they'd have a nice long talk. Then Pee Wee had come, and everything went wrong, as it always did.

"Sometimes I think you're a pretty sad apple, mom."

She shouldn't let Jean say things like that. Jean shouldn't even think them. She'd find out some day how silly it was to wake up in the morning thinking some ridiculous thing would happen. Life wasn't like that. It was a treadmill you walked, hoping something awful wouldn't happen. Jean might as well learn.

PEE WEE was waiting at the foot of the stairs, racket in hand, as Jean came down.

"Gosh, you look pretty when you first wake up!"

"Sez you." She was wary, but she couldn't help blushing.

"Yeah. Pretty awful, and pretty apt to stay that way." Pee Wee helped himself liberally to the toast. "I've dedicated my morning to that lousy backhand of yours."

"I have ironing to do," Jean said with dignity.

"That's the way I like my women," Pee Wee approved. "Always kidding, even before breakfast. You—working!"

"Don't forget the ironing, Jean!" Mrs. Bantly called downstairs.

Jean frowned. It was one thing to tell Pee Wee you were ironing. It was something else to be told you had to in front of him.

"How about this aft? Might be I could spare the moments."

Jean shook her head. "The gang's having a stand-up knock-down at Linda's. But maybe I'll see you at the platter session tonight."

PEE WEE headed for the door, a hammy expression of thoughtfulness on his face. "If I get my ironing done, Whistle-bait. If I get my ironing done."

Mrs. Bantly brought in more toast. "Are you going to Linda's this afternoon?"

"We all are."

Jean knew what she was thinking. Mother didn't like Linda. Well, Linda *was* a tramp, but you couldn't admit it to your mother. If you told parents even harmless things, it wasn't long before they used them as a big stick to beat you with. So you learned to tell them a lot without telling anything.

"And the platter session too?"

Jean got up from the table. "Honestly, mother, if I didn't go all the places you didn't want me to, I'd be the town's dampest drip. Everybody's going." She clattered the ironing board out and stood moistening the end of her finger and touching the heating iron until it sizzled.

Mrs. Bantly cleared the dishes. Her voice was appeasing. "I don't mind your dancing, Jeannie, but those hysterical gymnastics . . ."

Jean didn't answer.

JEAN got to Linda's late. Everybody'd passed the bouquets and brickbats, so it was Jean's turn. You passed the brickbats first.

Jean told Linda, "I think you should wise up, Linda, to what a drag a bad rep can be on a girl."

Linda just smiled wisely and said to the group, "Stand Jeannie up and knock her down. I'll get the eats."

Linda served beer and cheese sandwiches. Jean drank her beer with distaste and a show of pleasure.

They talked about their brothers coming home from overseas; the atomic bomb; how much depended upon the United Nations getting together on the peace; how the latest Artie Shaw record was sold out; how it took more than necking to make a girl popular; and how silly it was to think girls necked to be popular instead of because it was interesting. They admitted soberly that man being intended by nature to be more ardent, the girl had to keep things from going too far.

Linda looked up with her practiced out-of-this-world dreamy expression. "I think it's crummy anyway, going too far, unless you're *really* in love."

Jean stood up. "*Really* in love! That's a hot one. Every one of us has been really in love from two to a dozen times this year. Wouldn't we be in a nice mess!"

The girls shrieked. Jean had a reputation for saying killingly funny things. The meeting started to break up.

"Everybody going to the platter session?"

"Sure, and with the same drips! It burns me. Date a fellow twice and you're Jack-and-Jilling. The other goons think he has a priority."

"We need some new men in town to start a shuffle," Jean said.

(*Continued on page 50*)

Pee Wee pulled Jean from the car. "I'm taking over from here." His voice trembled with anger.

From her rail her skipper shouted to us, "I got three men in the hold knocked out by smoke and I can't get 'em up!"

The skipper was a hard hombre. He expected a lot of his crew, and was never surprised or grateful. They never knew they could expect as much from him—and get it—until almost too late

Grandstand

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

WE'RE average guys, just as decent and honest as anybody else. The whole thing was a sort of accident we couldn't foresee, and now it was too late to backtrack on it. So there we stood, all fifteen of us, lined up at the rail of our fireboat, inwardly squirming with guilty misery, while on the dock in front of us were the mayor and a half dozen beaming aldermen and our battalion chief, with a newsreel crew taking pictures and a radio crew broadcasting the whole ceremony. We had to take it. We had to stand there, red-faced, swearing under our breath and wishing we were miles away.

"—for bravery and stubborn fire-fighting skill, the feat of the municipal fireboat Storm is outstanding," the mayor was orating into the mike. "It happened at noon, last Monday. An ammunition barge was being loaded at the Marine Corps docks, and caught fire. The flames leaped up and an alarm was given. The fireboat Storm raced across the harbor and pulled up alongside the ammunition barge and our seagoing firemen turned monitors onto the blaze. The barge was loaded with mortar shells and cases of rifle and machine-gun ammunition, and presently they started exploding from the heat. Shells ripped through the sides of the barge and thousands of bullets shot wild through the air.

"On the docks near by were stacks of high-caliber shells and rows of depth bombs, and beyond them were tankers. If the docks caught fire from the barge, a tragic holocaust might result. So the crew of the Storm kept their fireboat alongside the inferno. The crew of the Storm kept pumping streams of water from their monitors. Two of the men were wounded, and Captain Malone was crippled by a bullet through the leg. Nevertheless, the Storm stuck right alongside that barge until the last flame was dead and the fire was completely out!

"So, here today, in recognition of an act of rare courage and devotion to duty, the City Council has prepared a Citation of Honor. And this we now present, to be hung in the wheelhouse of the gallant fireboat Storm!"

Captain Malone was in the hospital. So, as mate of the Storm, I had to step forward and receive the citation. My face was burning, but somehow I took the plaque and didn't drop it. Somehow I mumbled a thank-you on behalf of the crew.

Understand, we hadn't tried to fool anybody. We hadn't tried to grab any credit. It was simply that lots of people ashore saw us fighting that barge fire, and spread the word of how we had stuck by it. When they started calling us heroes, we were first flabbergasted, then resentful and fed up. Our mistake was in not putting a stop to it at once. We should have; but we didn't know until later that being called a hero could be worse than being called a dirty name. By the time we got really worried, it was already too late to do much about it.

CAPTAIN LOREN BARKER of the night shift was assigned by the battalion chief to replace our own captain, and another man given the night post. Later, after the mayor and the crowd had gone, Captain Barker called us together in the firehouse and gave us a tough talk.

"I heard all that hogwash of the mayor's, and I've been reading the newspapers." He paused and looked at each of us in turn, and his hard, weathered face had a grin that bit like acid. "Heroes!" he snorted. "You men stuck alongside that ammunition barge that was blowing all to hell because the tide was going out and your ship went aground right there! That's why you stuck. Because *you couldn't move.* And you had to fight that fire to save your own necks! . . . You're working firemen. I'm in charge now, and you're going to do a good everyday job without any grandstanding. You pull any hero stuff around me and I'll take you down so many pegs you'll think you fell off a sixty-foot ladder. That's a promise!"

"Look, captain," I protested, "we didn't—"

"Alibis!"

"We didn't expect this publicity! After the story started spreading, we still didn't know, and then it was too late—"

"If there's anything I hate, it's alibis! Save 'em for your kids!"

So it wasn't any use.

WE don't live aboard the Storm. We eat and sleep in our firehouse on Wilmington Island. When we get an alarm, we rush down stairways and jump onto the deck of the fireboat. Being mate, I run the ship with a pilot and three engineers. In addition, there are nine firemen in the crew and Captain Barker. He was in command, though actually his work was to direct fire fighting.

Loren Barker looked the part. He was burly and tough, about forty-five, redheaded, not heavy-set but big-boned and solid-muscled, with a voice that sounded as if his throat came with a built-in bull horn that had rusted in salt air. He had served two hitches in the Navy, then become a civilian fireman and worked himself up to fire chief for a valley town. Recently he had gone back into the Navy as a civilian instructor who trained fire-control teams in the new techniques. He probably would have stayed if they had given him a commission, but he lacked the formal education for that. I suspect he was somewhat bitter about the matter. Maybe he didn't know an English ballad from a sample ballot, but he could train a bunch of farmers into a fire-fighting crew that couldn't be outclassed by anybody!

He was loud and rugged and impatient. But he knew his business, and ordinarily we'd have cottoned to him in a hurry. If only he hadn't kept riding us! He figured we were a bunch of show-offs who needed disciplining, and proceeded to administer it in heavy doses. There won't any of us forget those first couple days he took over.

He kept us polishing brass in the

(*Continued on page 62*)

Play

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

He was rugged and impatient. But he knew his business and ordinarily we'd have cottoned to him. If only he hadn't kept riding us!

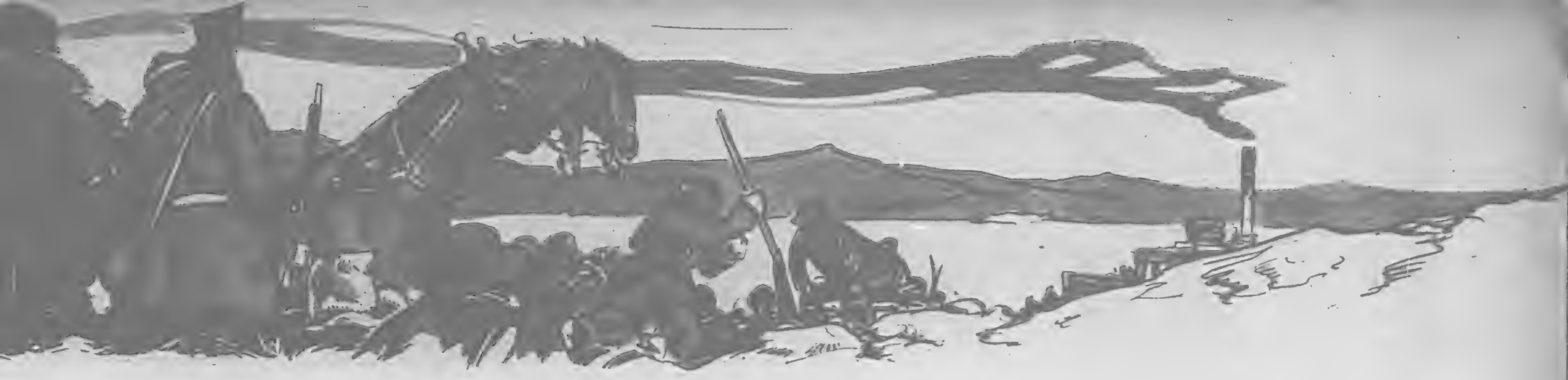
A Right Woman

"I figure wives to change when you're gone from 'em," Red had said, and Clabe, who had been gone a year and a half, did not miss the point. A fascinating suspicion-by-suspicion account of jealousy and where it leads

BY
ZACHARY BALL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

The hotness left him and that gunsight steadiness that spread through him at the moment of kill took its place. He started for the other room.



THIS was the last night the trappers would sit around the bank fire. This was the last night they would tell their tall hunting yarns and listen to Nappy's fiddle playing and think about home. When tomorrow night came, their peltry boat would be one of the brood of river craft under the shadow of the limestone cliff of St. Louie Town.

Clabe Roan hunched deeper into the bearskin around his shoulders without unclasping his hands from his knees. Sitting here on a wood chunk, he could look across the fire, past the other men, and back into the bottomless dark of the forest.

Tomorrow he would have several hundred dollars in his pocket from his share of the furs and pelts, and —this was the best part of being alive—tomorrow, after a year and a half away from her, he would hold Sally in his arms again.

Sally. She was so plumb pretty that now, after a year and a half away from her, he couldn't remember exactly how she did look. Then she walked right into the front door of his thoughts. She stood there for him to look her over, like the time he bought her that new cape and hood. Only right now, in his imagining, she was bareheaded and the firelight was hitting her beaver-brown hair. He could even see how shiny her eyes were, and brown, like the breast feathers of a thrush.

The men's lazing voices and the fiddle sounds brought him back from his imagining, and he happened to think that Nappy hadn't played that piece yet tonight. So he asked for it.

Nappy played it in his best moaning way, and sang the words, "'I'll come home again, Sall-y-y-y.'" The others stopped talking to listen. A half grin was hanging on one corner of Clabe's mouth. Let 'em swap winks. They were all his friends.

Red Landers gave a bull snort of disgust and said, "Damned if Clabe ain't homesick."

Big rope-haired Olsen said, "Aye tank this is gude time for feller to tank about wife. Me, Aye tank about my Lennie, too. Yah. And my young uns—you bat."

Bart Cogan wanted to know how many Olsen had.

"Three." Olsen whooped and laughed. Suddenly his eyes and mouth went round with a thought. "By damn! By now Aye could have 'nother one Aye don't know 'bout!"

Red said to Clabe, "How many you reckon you got?"

"Pshaw," Clabe said softly, "me and Sally was married scarce six months afore I set off with this here outfit. We ain't got no young uns."

"You might get fooled," Red said, and let the remark stand alone.

"When I leave my woman," Mel Donnahue said, "I want my young around her. A man's young keeps his woman a right woman whilst he's gone."

Red said, "Yeah. Eighteen months. Long spell to leave a woman to take keer of herself."

When none of the other men said anything, Clabe said, "Sally's right pert at lookin' out for herself. I left her a new cabin and a cow and some pigs, and enough corn meal for a pone or two."

"What's to keep her busy?" asked Red. "Nineteen year old, ain't she? Right smart woman, you say. Well—a woman's a woman. She's livin' in St. Louie Town. That's what I'd mind about it if she was mine."

Someone said, "What?"

Red chuckled and said, "A young woman livin' alone in St. Louie Town, an' all them young French slick-whiskers around."

Clabe took ahold to say that in her days of settin' with the fellers that came asparkin', he didn't recollect any ruffle-shirts findin' their way over to Sally's house.

RED'S voice got louder, and for the first time tonight there was whisky wetness in it. "Glad I ain't acomin' home to no wife. But effen I was, I wouldn't expect what you're expectin'." He didn't say it to Clabe, but just hung the words out there in front of all the men. "I figure a woman is jest about as human as a man. Anyhow, I wouldn't want to go away and leave one for a long spell and have to be wonderin' the rest of my life how she took care of herself whilst I was gone."

When Red's voice stopped, the silence of the night with just the wind in it rushed in around the fire.

Clabe's grin was hanging on his mouth with hair-trigger lightness. He said, "Red's got so used to Injuns robbin' his trap line he won't trust nobody. But all this jawin' he's been doin' about women—he's just talkin' about all the women in creation. It ain't about no certain one woman." His eyes swung on Red. "Ain't that right, Red?"

Red's jaw stopped half up from his chew. He gathered up juice, spat into the fire again, and said, "Yeah. I don't know about wives. I'd figure 'em to change when you're gone from 'em, change in the way they feel about a man."

Clabe and Olsen stayed by the fire, deep in their bearskins, after the others had gone to the boat. Clabe sat looking across at the black wall of forest. Off yonder was Sally. Just from this minute till daylight. Sally was just that far away—if he started now.

She's a true woman. She ain't needin' of young uns nor nothin' to keep her a right woman.

HE listened to the long, cold sound of the wind on the treetops.

Damn Red. Damn the man.

Off to the west there was the Injun trail. Just a step from this bend in the river.

It'd be too much like slippin' in on her. Like you didn't trust her.

"Red's a queer one, ain't he, Olsen?"

"He's fool. He's all jug talk."

That's it. Don't be a fool. Stay here and go down with the boat like you'd of done if Red hadn't said that.

As the fire died down, the weight of the cold was moving in against them. Clabe got up and went down to the boat. He come back with his musket in the bend of his arm and his snowshoes slung over his shoulder.

Olsen looked up at him.

"Tell them I walked on in," Clabe said. "I'll be around when the boat gets in."

The snow came, sharp pellets that rattled against his buckskins, making him keep his face to the south. By daylight there was a fair spread on the forest floor. It was half after noon when he came out of the woods, and here in the open the snow was a dizzy white cylinder around him.

It wasn't long till he came to the branch, and there were the first

(*Continued on page 58*)

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READING TIME ONE EVENING

The Peacock Sheds His Tail

BY ALICE TISDALE HOBART

When Jim Buchanan married Concha Navarro, daughter of one of Mexico's oldest families, he married her country and its problems. This is a poignant story of conflicts: conflicts between North and South America; between the rich and the poor of a country in chaos; between tradition and love

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

DON JULIAN NAVARRO'S colonial house, one of the oldest in Mexico City, was a thing of austere beauty. Usually it looked proudly aloof, held to itself behind the iron grilles of its windows placed one above the other, story upon story, its great iron gate, leading to the street, closed except to admit family and guests. But today from morning until night it stood open. While the patio was still heavily shadowed by the high walls of the house, the gatekeeper Francisco rose from his sleeping mat and picked up his keys, grumbling. "The roosters have not begun their crowing on the housetops of the city, and yet I must open the gate."

All morning servants and messengers passed back and forth, bent on important affairs. Don Julian's granddaughter Concepción—Concha, as she was lovingly called by her family—was fifteen today. At noon there was a special Mass at the Church of San Francisco, and afterward, at the house, the fiesta—Concha's coming-out party—was held. There was a banquet and dancing.

Don Julian knew his wife was anxious to bring to fruition a long-cherished plan to unite the two great Spanish-American families—her own and that of her friend, Doña Leonora Fuentes de Lara. Ramón, Doña Leonora's son, was a few years older than Concha.

When Ramón's family arrived for the banquet, Don Julian met them and escorted them into the drawing room, where Concha stood between her mother and grandmother.

The girl still wore the white dress, but not the white lace veil, she had worn in the church. Her great black eyes were bright. Louisa, her sister, was two years younger than Concha, but her knowing agate-colored eyes made her seem older—older even than Ignacio, their brother, who was seventeen. Louisa's dress of jade green set off

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her delicate olive skin strikingly in contrast with her pale yellow hair.

All of his grandchildren were handsome, as Don Julian appraised them—his grandson, who was the center of a group of admiring young women, perhaps the most handsome. Ignacio had the long narrow face of his Spanish ancestors and their aristocratic features. If only Ramón were as distinguished-looking! Ramón was the short, compact type of Spaniard. He looks durable, was Don Julian's conclusion, but not romantic.

It was six when the banquet was over and the dancing began. As Don Julian stood at the end of the drawing room, he felt Concha's narrow hand slipped into his. "Grandfather," she cried, "it's such a beautiful party! I am so happy."

He drew her to him. He would leave no stone unturned to keep security for his family, especially for Concha. He and his family had spent the worst years of the Revolution on the Riviera, but lately it had seemed safe for them here

in Mexico City. A fierce hatred filled him for all things connected with the Revolution. "My dear," he said, releasing her, "Ramón is waiting for you."

Concha wondered, as she danced with Ramón, why her grandmother had chosen him of all the sons of their friends. Ramón, for his part, was coolly appraising Concha. When he took over the management of the estate, such a wife would be an asset. She would add distinction to the family. Her gentleness would serve him. With her as wife, he would be free to live his own life.

Silently they danced together. Concha could think of nothing to say. It had never been like this before; they had known each other all their lives. She was glad when they stopped and her brother asked her to dance with him.

Ignacio frowned. "I don't like the idea of your getting married."

"It won't make any difference," Concha assured him. "Besides, you'll be married too, and you won't need me."

"Do you know if Mamá Grande is thinking of anyone for me?" asked Ignacio. "Because," he went on, "I intend to choose my own wife." His interest shifted. "Look at Louisa! She is shameful. She's flirting with Ramón."

ON this same day, in a poorer part of the city, Guadalupe Villar, a government surveyor, had married and had brought his bride home to a tiny pink-walled house. This very morning he had paid the first rent in advance. For several months young Villar had had his position, and Soledad, his stout little wife, hoped to teach in one of the public schools of the city.

Guadalupe had first met Soledad a few months before, when the government had sent him to survey Don Julian Navarro's great sugar plantation. As he passed through the village, near the gate that led to the hacienda dwelling, he had seen her standing in the door of a hut. As she was dressed in the garb of the city, with shoes and stockings, he knew at once she did not belong to the village.

"Why are you here?" he had asked her.

"To teach," she had said simply, and then her eyes had taken fire. "I fought in the Revolution," she told him, "to bring freedom to my country. What would be the sense of fighting if no good came of it, if the Indian villages were not ministered to?"

Now they were safe here in their house; and the past could be forgotten, even those very last days of Soledad's in the village, when, instigated by the hacienda overseer, the villagers had driven her out.

Late in the evening they went forth to wander about the city.

"It's wonderful, isn't it, my husband?" Soledad kept saying. "I am a part of this city. Here is the center of the Revolution, and I am a part of the Revolution. Let me pass the house of Don Julian Navarro, husband of Doña Maria Salcedo de Navarro." With light mockery she pronounced the mouth-filling names.

"Why do you torment yourself?" asked Guadalupe. "Let us forget!"

"*Forget!*" Her laugh was tinged with bitterness.

As they stood silently before the Navarro house, tall and dark, an upper window was illumined and, for a moment, the figure of Don Julian was silhouetted against the lighted room.

"So he does not sleep peacefully," said Soledad, turning away. "Rightly so. Six months, is it, since you surveyed his land, my husband? Surely soon our President Calles will make him divide it with the villages."

ALL through that winter, President Calles distributed much land. But the village of Francisco, the Navarros' old servant, received nothing. The other villagers were getting impatient.

"We must give the government time," Francisco told them over and over.

"There is trouble over the land in some of the Indian villages," Guadalupe explained to his wife, when she too expressed impatience. "The hacienda people say the villagers have falsified their records; some of the land they claim never belonged to them, and they lied, too, about the number of heads of families in the villages."

She cried fiercely, "We should have killed all the *hacendados* when we had a chance, given the land back to the villages right then."

That evening a friend came in. "Pablo!" cried Soledad. "How glad we are to see you!"

In the *sala* the three sat on gaily decorated chairs Soledad had bought in the market. Guadalupe was slender with large gentle eyes and quiet ways. Soledad and Pablo were more alike, the strain of Spaniard and Indian less blended in them. In both was the magnetism that leaders have.

In Pablo it was especially marked, and there was a little boasting note in his voice as he said, "Morones has given me a job."

Soledad's eyes widened. "You mean you are no longer to work with the independent unions?"

"Pablo has his own conscience," said Guadalupe, turning to Soledad.

They fell silent. Pablo was studying his hands. What chance was there for a man like him unless he joined the strong? The powerful labor leader Morones had entered the cabinet as Secretary of Labor. He was trying to recruit every independent union into the government-controlled National Federation of Labor Unions. Pablo wanted to be an official.

He belonged to the "little" household of Vicente Navarro, Ignacio's father. That very day the son of the big house had left for his studies abroad. Pablo had stood far back in the shadows of the train shed and watched his half brother's departure. Pablo was the elder, born three years before Ignacio, and Pablo's mother had often told him how important he had been to his father until the birth of the legitimate son.

Presently Guadalupe brought from the corner an old and battered harp. "This is music I made last night," he said. "It's for Soledad." All things were for Soledad. He began playing wandering little phrases. They seemed to join into a martial air and then into tenderness like a lullaby.

Pablo had moved closer to Soledad. He put his hand on

her shoulder, touched the lobe of her ear. Her husband smiled. All his friends made a little love to her when they were frightened, when they were tired, when they needed to feel strong. Guadalupe did not mind.

"Anyway, Calles is doing things for us. He's trying to get back the oil wells. Diaz broke the law when he sold them," Pablo declared, when finally he rose to go.

THREE years later, Pablo became acquainted with Ignacio Navarro. Ignacio had returned from his studies abroad with ideas that seemed radical to his family, and his father decided to put his son in touch with the mistress of his "little home." Elena would know how to manage the boy. She had managed their son Pablo. Pablo had his own interests. He behaved like a man.

Ignacio guessed the significance of the household to which he was now introduced. He felt not a little pleased that his father was taking him into his confidence, but he experienced distaste for the whole affair when he entered Vicente's little house. The stout woman to whom he was introduced was obviously of the people. So was the house. But his father seemed more of a person here than he did at home, where he fawned on Mamá Grande when he needed money, and gave lip homage to Ignacio's mother.

After a little Pablo said, "I'm meeting some friends for coffee. Would you like to come along?" Ignacio found himself accepting the invitation. On the way, Pablo asked him what he was doing with his time.

"What would I be doing with it?" Ignacio answered. "What do you do with yours?"

"Oh, I have to earn my living. I have a job in the Department of Industry that keeps me busy all day," Pablo answered, ignoring the truculent note in his brother's voice. "The reason I asked is that I thought with your knowledge of conditions in Europe you would be a real asset to the labor movement, if you'd join with us."

"You belong?" exclaimed Ignacio. "Then there is something to it except a lot of graft, as I've been told?"

Pablo's voice was steady and cool. "Anything to it besides graft! It's done a lot for the people of Mexico."

They were entering the café now, a large dim room crowded full of round tables and men seated, drinking coffee. Many of them were in working clothes. Pablo walked over to a table where an argument was going on, and without introducing him Pablo motioned Ignacio to be seated.

Ignacio's attention was caught by a North American sitting beside a slight young Mexican whom Pablo called Guadalupe. The man from the States is the only well-bred one at the table, Ignacio thought. The man's face and head were narrow, his nose thin, his blue eyes well placed, and his delicate mouth finely modeled. His face was one of distinction. About him was an air of reserve that seemed to emanate not so much from his personality as from an inherited assumption of position.

The discussion grew heated. The new regime was proving disappointing. The men who ran the government were developing into a wealthy class of their own.

The young North American leaned forward, deeply interested. In exceedingly good Spanish he asked, "Why do you all work for the government if you feel that way? This glue, you might call it, that is pulling the two extremes of your country together, the rich and the poor, would it not be more effective glue if some of you went into the mining business, or railroading?"

"Why don't you ask your own people that question, Señor Buchanan?" asked a young labor man in suave tones. "Who owns our mines, our railroads, our oil wells? Who are the executives, the engineers in these great businesses? All the bloodshed of the Revolution has not given us back our subsoil rights. Your present ambassador has seen to that."

Ignacio inwardly applauded the clever trouncing the man was giving the North American. He too resented the power the United States held in Mexico, although he knew his grandfather owned stock in several companies in the States.

"How about going along with me to Guadalupe Villar's house? A lot of labor people drop in there nearly every afternoon," Pablo said when they left the café. Again Ignacio accepted.

Silently they walked a few blocks until they came to a street Ignacio did not know even by name. The one-story houses were flush with the sidewalk. Pablo stopped before a house lime-washed in pink.

As they entered, Soledad walked toward them with quick, gliding step, greeted Pablo affectionately.

"Soledad, I have brought a friend, Señor Ignacio Navarro, to see you." Ignacio saw the exchange of glances between them—enigmatic, unfathomable. And then into Soledad's face came a look of recognition. She greeted him with a slight drawing together of her brows.

Others came in and were welcomed.

"There's news," Guadalupe said. "A rumor that Calles is urging that land distribution be stopped. He says it is not sound economically."

"Now that Calles is a hacienda owner, I suppose he wants to strut about in his borrowed plumage." Every eye in the room was on Soledad as she spoke. Her black eyes challenged them all.

One by one the men left. A number were going to the opera—it was the opening night.

As Ignacio hailed a cab to take him home, he felt a sense of escape from a force that had rocked the cradle of his safety. The burning eyes of Soledad haunted him. He would be glad to forget her. As for Pablo, he didn't think he wanted to see much of him.

JAMES BUCHANAN, the North American who had been at the meeting, and a friend dined at the Majestic Hotel, where Jim had lived ever since his arrival in Mexico. From there they went to the opera.

In the lobby a group of people, evidently a family, caught Jim's attention. One of the girls was lovely. Her blue-black hair was drawn back in smooth bands over her ears. Only the tiny lobes, hung with delicately filigreed earrings, showed. Her face, although thin, was smoothly molded. Her black eyes had a wide-open, almost wondering look, which was enhanced by the position of her eyebrows, for they had an upward slant like small lifted wings. The young man walking beside her turned to speak to her. He was the Spaniard who had been at the café that afternoon!

"Who are they?" Jim asked his companion.

"The old man is Don Julian Navarro. That's his family, one of the oldest and most exclusive in Mexico. Counts back to the days of the Conquest and Spanish nobility. The old lady's family is as distinguished as his, I believe. The short young man belongs to a family who once owned as much land as there is in Rhode Island and Connecticut. A great deal of it was confiscated during the Revolution."

The next day Jim worked with the picture of the girl as clear in his mind as if he were still looking at her. He found himself thinking of her brother. He would like to solve the enigma of his presence in that group at the café. So although Jim had not intended to, occasionally he dropped in and joined them.

It was a month before the Navarro heir came again. Jim took the chair next to him. "I have become deeply interested in your Spanish colonial architecture," he said.

"You have beautiful colonial in your own country," Ignacio replied.

"You have seen some of our Southern homes?"

"No, I have never been in your country," Ignacio answered, "but I saw an exhibition of North American paintings in Paris. There were one or two of colonial houses. 'Southern colonial,' it was called, I believe."

"That is my part of the country." Jim wished they could go on talking together, but the table was filling up with Pablo and a number of others.

When Jim left the café he heard the young Spaniard behind him, saying, "We were talking of colonial architecture in the States. I have my car parked near here. If you would care to accompany me, it would give me pleasure to show you some houses we think are particularly fine examples of Spanish colonial."

"I should very much like to see them."

When they had driven ten minutes, Ignacio stopped before a tall house, saying, "This is one of the oldest specimens of Spanish colonial. Perhaps you'd like to see the interior. It belongs to my grandfather. Francisco!" he

called, ignoring the bell. Almost immediately the gate swung open.

Ignacio had not intended, in the beginning, to take the young North American into his home—simply to show him the exteriors of a few of the best houses in Mexico City. But suddenly there had flared in him a desire to defy his family.

Resolutely, he led the way through the high, arched gateway. The two stairways curved to a landing from which a single flight led upward. From it they crossed the gallery to a glass door which the young Spaniard opened, saying, "Please enter." Jim had an impression of a high ceiling, high windows and doors, and over each, carved in relief, a shallow fluted shell. As they advanced over a rose and blue Aubusson rug he was conscious of a group of people standing at the far end of the room, the girl whom he had not been able to forget in the midst of them.

Concha thought, how does it come that Nacho is bringing a stranger—and a North American—home with him? None but the accepted and established were ever asked into the privacy of their home. Only Ignacio would break such a custom. Ignacio who always did what he pleased. Ramón had told her that he associated with a revolutionary group.

Concha's grandmother stepped forward. She greeted the stranger with politeness cleverly combined with a cold aloofness. Ignacio turned toward his sister and she saw pleading in his eyes. She smiled and held out her hand to his friend. Nacho gave her a grateful look.

Then Mamá Grande said quietly, "We will excuse you, Concepción."

But as Concha turned to leave, she felt her hand grasped by her own mother. Mamá seldom asserted herself where Mamá Grande was concerned. When she did, she had such regal bearing that not even Mamá Grande opposed her. She had that bearing now. She said to the stranger, "I am always glad to welcome Nacho's friends."

With an effort at casualness, Ignacio said, "Mamá, Señor Buchanan is interested in our colonial architecture. In Paris I saw paintings of the colonial buildings of his country. I wanted him to see the best of ours."

"Then I will show your friend about." Still holding her daughter's hand, Mamá led the way.

"I was interested once in becoming an architect, and I did some studying," Jim told them.

"You found it unnecessary to go on?" Mamá asked. Jim realized she meant work was not a financial necessity.

Not willing to give any false impression, he answered, "Instead, I took up diplomacy as a profession. I am connected with the Embassy here." He added that information, not wanting her to think he was simply passing through the city. He did not wish her to offer him such gracious hospitality only because she thought it involved no future commitments.

When James Buchanan had gone, Concha slipped quietly away to the roof—her haven since childhood. She was filled with apprehension over this afternoon's conflict between her grandmother and mother. Why should there be so much resignation demanded of her mother? A small, startled sob escaped her. Resignation for herself too, in marriage to Ramón.

CONCHA sensed that Ignacio was feeling an urgent necessity to escape the family with its undertow, pulling him slowly but surely back into its traditional life, and that through Buchanan lay his escape.

But Jim was taken completely by surprise when Ignacio telephoned him, a week later, and said, "It is necessary for me to go down to our sugar hacienda tomorrow. Conditions have been such that we haven't held a celebration for Saint Mary, its patron saint, for several years. You might be interested in seeing it."

"Wouldn't it be an intrusion?" Jim had not forgotten Mamá Grande.

"Oh, no! There are others coming."

"But I'm due at the Embassy on Monday."

"You must come." Ignacio was almost pleading now.

Jim knew he could manage it if he wished to. And then there was Concha. He would spend two days under the same roof with her.

When they arrived, Mamá Grande, bustling around, directing each family group to the rooms they were to occupy, blandly ignored the fact that she had met the North American before.

"Is this young man the one chosen to work with the overseer on the accounts? If so—"

"This is my friend. As such he is an honored guest." Ignacio's eyes and Mamá Grande's met in conflict. "Which room will you assign to him?"

"Now I recognize you," exclaimed Mamá Grande. "You must forgive me. I had seen you only once, and not expecting you today, I have made this unfortunate mistake. Indeed you must forgive me. Our house is yours."

LATER, in the pavilion erected for the dance, Jim found himself the concern of many old and middle-aged ladies. They hovered around him, keeping him away from the young people. With determination, he bowed to his elderly jailers and made his way over to Concha.

"May I have this dance?"

There were bright spots in her cheeks. She hesitated only for a moment. In her heart she applauded the proud way Jim had walked across the floor.

Something of Mamá's bearing in moments of crisis was Concha's as, after their dance together, she led Jim to a group of her girl cousins to introduce him. "Señor Buchanan is a beautiful dancer!" she exclaimed.

"Is it never possible for a man in your country to see a girl alone?" Jim asked as he and Concha danced together a second time.

"Not in my country," she said, looking up at him. With a smile she added, "At least not in my family."

"Your country is partly mine. I was born here," Jim replied. "I have come back because it seemed home to me."

A light spread across her face.

Ramón danced with Concha next. He asked in a sarcastic tone, "Are you foolish enough to think that young man is interested in you?"

"Why should I?" asked Concha. "Certainly he is capable of enjoying a woman without letting his emotions enter in."

"Oh, is he?" Ramón did not believe this possible of any young man. "I simply want you to understand that if another man's lips so much as touched your hair, you would no longer be desirable to me."

"You are insufferable, Ramón. Señor Buchanan is Nacho's friend, and I mean to treat him with the courtesy supposed to be innate in our nation, although I am beginning to doubt it." Deliberately she left him.

At the end of the evening, as she and Jim danced again, his hand tightened on hers. She looked up. Their eyes met. His were eloquent. And she knew she loved him, knew everything about him was dear to her, knew she trusted him and believed in him. "I have seen you only twice, danced with you three times," she said wonderingly.

"What does it matter," he answered, "if we love each other?"

Jim did not attempt to sleep that night. He sat by the window in his room smoking cigarette after cigarette. He was swept by his longing for Concha.

At rising time he heard a tap on the door and an Indian girl entered. "I bring you hot water for the shaving. And this!" Into his hand she thrust a note. "I am Cleofas. I will come again to arrange your room and to take your answer." Then she was gone.

That night in a niche of the wall outside the hacienda grounds Concha and Jim had their first meeting. A great pepper tree hung its delicate trailing branches over the wall, and the twisted trunk was hollowed as if meant for lovers.

Jim touched Concha wonderingly, ran his hand over her hair, which hung down her back. He buried his face in its black strangeness, so fine, so thick. She turned a little in his arms, and her lips met his.

"We have only a few minutes," she whispered.

"How shall we arrange matters?" asked Jim. "Shall I talk to your father?"

"My father!" Certainly this lover of hers did not understand her family. "I myself will talk to Mamá Grande,

tell her I will not marry Ramón and that I must marry you. It has been understood that Ramón and I would unite the two families. She faltered. "It seemed the natural thing to do before you—before I met you."

"I hate to leave it all to you, Concha."

"It must be so," she answered. There was the sound of footsteps. "I must go now. Cleofas has come for me."

Out of the shadows Jim saw the Indian girl moving toward them, her *rebozo* close-drawn over her head. He watched the two disappear in the shadows of the hacienda wall.

THE morning after the fiesta Jim and Ignacio left for the city and most of the guests also, but a few lingered. I must wait until they have all gone, Concha told herself. The day the last guest departed, leaving the house to Mamá Grande, Mamá, Louisa, and herself, she hurried along the gallery searching for Mamá Grande. But when she saw her grandmother sitting with Mamá she half turned to go back. Then she realized her mother was looking at her, and from the look, courage, dignity, and strength flowed into her.

Mamá Grande's face turned purple as Concha, the only submissive member of her family, stood before her saying, "I have pledged myself to Señor Buchanan."

"You're out of your mind. A gringo! And you've only seen him twice. It's impossible! Go to your room," Doña Maria commanded.

Concha stood her ground. "I must marry the man I have chosen—without your consent, if you will not give consent, Mamá Grande."

"So the naïve Concha thinks the young gringo is in earnest when it is only entertainment with him—someone for the little affairs."

"The young man is honorable, and Concha is honorable," Mamá said quietly. "He came to me, asking for my daughter in marriage. I have given my consent."

"As if that meant anything!" scoffed the older woman.

But several days later Concha's mother came to her.

"You will find Señor Buchanan in the *sala,* Concha," she said. "Wait there for your grandmother and me."

For an hour Concha and Jim sat carrying on a desultory, impersonal conversation, for among the shadows at the end of the room sat one of the aunts like a blacker shadow, guarding them against any intimacy.

At last Mamá Grande and Mamá entered the room. With flawless dignity the older woman greeted Jim. "Concepcion's father will be here very soon. He will be pleased to arrange matters with you. He will explain to you our marriage customs." She turned and left.

Once in her own room Mamá Grande seated herself in her rocker, whispering to herself angry denunciations of her family. How could she cover up Concha's rebellion and Mamá's triumph?

There was a stealthy step behind her, and someone's fingers stroked back her crest of white hair. Only Louisa, her youngest granddaughter, would be guilty of such familiarity. Mamá Grande closed her eyes, the lines on her forehead relaxing a little.

"There is a way out," Louisa whispered.

Mamá Grande's eyes flew open. "How do you know I want a way out?"

Louisa's face was on a level with her own. "I think you could arrange matters to satisfy Ramón if you offer me to him in the place of Concha."

Louisa and Ramón! Suddenly she saw the value of such a marriage. Those two would go far together! But would Ramón accept the substitute?

"He would like me for his bride," whispered Louisa, and was gone.

Mamá Grande went next day to Ramón's mother, and the arrangement was made. Nevertheless, though Louisa really was more to his liking, Ramón's pride had a blow; and when later he learned Concha was to marry Jim Buchanan, black hatred for both of them filled his heart.

JIM resigned, now, from the Embassy. Married to a woman of another nationality, he would have little or no opportunity there. He was at once approached by an oil company, to take charge of its public-relations department. Before accepting, he talked to several people, among them Guadalupe Villar. When he left Villar, he realized that the oil companies were the target of Mexico's bitterness in the past and would be again. The long struggle between foreign owners and the Mexican government he was now certain was not yet ended. It would be exciting, interesting work to help a great foreign industry establish itself in Mexico's good graces.

He went directly to the company's office and discussed the means by which the company might build up good will for itself. He spoke of Villar and the other young men he had met at the café.

"Exactly," said Albright, the manager. "It is in that class of Mexicans, the slowly emerging middle class, that I think the greatest bitterness lies. If we didn't exclude them from the executive positions, I believe we could win

their confidence. You have a big job ahead of you, Buchanan. When can you begin work on it?"

"I am to be married next week."

"Naturally you want time for a honeymoon. Suppose we say three weeks from today."

OF all the splendor and beauty of the wedding ceremony nothing stood out clearly in Jim's mind except the moment when the end of Concha's veil was laid across his shoulders, signifying union, and then the weight of the gold links of the bridal chin, as the heavy loop was placed around his neck and the lighter one around hers.

Concha, to his delight, had chosen to spend their honeymoon at the hacienda. It was night when they reached it. The gates were barred, but in answer to Jim's shout they were quickly opened. In the lights of the car he saw an old caretaker wrapped in a serape, standing aside to let the car pass. They reached the second gate. Without command from him it swung back. Jim followed the drive which circled the central patio and stopped before the low steps which led to the pillared gallery of the house. He felt stillness and peace as he turned off the ignition, and a curious sense of coming home.

Concha had first to take him over the house and into the chapel made fragrant for their coming with herbs. At last they were ready for the fiesta meal. The evening was warm, and their table stood on the gallery overlooking the second patio where they could see the moon reflected in the pool.

At last the house was still, the servants gone to their sleeping mats. Concha went to the edge of the gallery, leaned against one of the pilasters. Joy in the symmetry of her body filled Jim. With one stride he was beside her. He took her in his arms, and carried her through the great silent rooms of the house to the room that had been hers since childhood.

The next morning they walked out over the sun-filled valley lush with its growth of sugar cane. The clouds flowed down over the mountains.

And now Jim poured out his longings for a home, conceding now how lonely he had been without close family ties. "I don't want just one child to grow up by himself

as I did. And even if I have promised that they shall be brought up in your faith, you will be willing, won't you, to let them go to my country for part of their education? So they will know my way of life as well as yours?"

"If it is your wish, my husband—all is as you wish." He saw that her love was as simple and natural as breathing to her.

Late in the afternoon there was a telephone call from Mamá. Don Julian was very ill. A few hours after they had left he had had a stroke from which he was not rallying. He was asking for Concha.

Night was settling down when they reached the city, and in the very early morning, as the church bells ceased their ringing, Don Julian died.

According to a custom long observed in the Navarro family, Concha's father, Vicente, inherited the estate, with the understanding that his mother should have what she wanted to spend. Concha and Louisa had been cared for in their dowries. Ignacio was not to be limited in his spending.

Concha saw that the retreat from the world demanded by their mourning was difficult and unnatural for Jim. The house was gloomy and devoid of gaiety.

Mamá Grande treated him with the barest courtesy. Ignacio and Vicente ignored him; and Jim felt often like a ghost inhabiting the Navarro house without their knowledge.

Once he was at work, identity came back to him.

One evening when he and Concha had attended a concert, she insisted that they walk home. "I want just to feel Mexico. You love it, too, Jim, don't you? You were born here."

"I care for two lands," he answered, "yours and mine."

"And so will our child," she urged.

His hand tightened on hers. To some men it would have been a disappointment to have children so early in marriage. But something starved in Jim welcomed the responsibility.

"You have another wish, Jim," Concha said after a moment's pause. "It is a home of our own."

"Are you certain you want it, too, Concha?"

"I always have, but on account of Nacho and Mamá Grande— She is so determined to control him—"

"Nacho must save himself as you did," he said gently.

They were standing in front of the Navarro house now.

"Yes, Nacho must save himself. And I must save you," she said.

"From what?" he asked in astonishment.

"From this house," she replied gravely.

So Jim found a piece of land to his liking in a new real-estate development. Concha exclaimed when she saw it, "I had not thought of anything so lovely!" The splendid view of valley and city held her entranced. Up and down and across the open space she walked, as if she must press her foot upon each inch of land. "I feel close to the earth here. I've felt like this only at the hacienda. You know, as if the earth were my mother. Mamá would say it is my Aztec blood."

ONE afternoon Ignacio, at a loose end, thought he would look in on Guadalupe who, he had heard, lost his job. Soledad saw Ignacio's car turn into their street. "My husband is not here," she called from the doorway as he drew up in front of the house and got out. "He is supporting us by acting as guide to tourists when he can get the chance."

With sudden interest Ignacio understood the pride and the fear she and Guadalupe were living under. "You are a teacher. Can't you get into the public schools and help until things look up for Guadalupe?" he asked with rare gentleness.

"I have tried, but I am not a Catholic, and it is difficult."

"As governess then?"

"To the rich?" Soledad was immediately on her guard.

"I'm thinking of my sister. She is soon to have a child. I have been advocating that he should hear only the pure Spanish from the very start—no Indian nurse from whom he will learn that dreadful sing-song of the illiterate."

"If you are our friend, you may stay and we can talk about the teaching. Of course you mean a nursemaid." From under her lowered lids slyly she glanced up at him. Her red lips were parted, showing her even white teeth. Ignacio felt a definite attraction.

"I'll let you know about my sister," he promised.

Later, when he rose to go, he hesitated a moment wondering if she would let him kiss her, decided not to risk it.

That evening Soledad said to her husband, "Why not try to get in the labor department? That is where the struggle will come when we free ourselves from these new rich. Why not go to Pablo?"

"Pablo!" exclaimed Guadalupe. "Who knows where he stands? Perhaps he belongs to the remnants of the old outfit. If he does, he's hanging around the Millionaire Socialists."

"And perhaps he doesn't!" snapped Soledad. "How do you know unless you talk to him?" So Guadalupe went.

"We want to get some active militant unions started," Pablo informed him. "How would you like to be our representative at one of the oil wells? We want the workers to stand for Mexican labor; better wages, too, of course, and better living conditions. It's a long job; we've only just started. I think I can manage to get you in as a stillman. Then it's up to you to get your organization going."

"Yes, I'll accept," Guadalupe said slowly.

"Can't I go with you?" asked Soledad when he told her.

"It is secret business. I must go alone, but each week my salary will be delivered to you." Guadalupe felt a glow of pride—he was able again to speak of a salary! "You are to keep this house against my return."

Soledad was very lonely after he left. To have his protection taken away brought back the cruel memory of those days before he had come into her life.

After a few months his letters ceased to come. Had something happened to him? And how was she to pay the rent? She bethought herself that Ignacio, the last time he had come to see them, had spoken about a position, caring for his sister's child. The baby must be several months old now. She sent a note to Concha, stating her qualifications and asking if she might come to see her.

Concha interviewed her, and they liked each other; so a few days later, as Jim was going down the last flight of steps to the patio where his car stood, he came upon his little boy, Tito, laboriously making his way up the stairs, the new nurse encouraging, pushing.

"I am glad to see you are making my son work," he told her.

"I believe I have heard my husband speak of you in the past—Guadalupe Villar—no doubt you remember him?"

"I hope your husband is well," Jim said a little stiffly.

"I do not know. He went away many months ago to find work. I have not heard from him of late. The last word I had was from Tampico."

That afternoon Jim and Concha went to Louisa's to meet some relatives of Ramón's, newly arrived from Spain. Ignacio joined them.

After they had been introduced, Ramón drew Jim aside. "There's a German here I'd like to have you talk to. Herr von Brenen came over on the ship with our Spanish rela-

tives. It seems he is interested in the oil output of Mexico. Do you speak German?"

"I'm sorry, I don't."

"Then I'll translate for you."

The man sitting by the window in the room the three entered was middle-aged, with keen, cold eyes. "Pardon me for this intrusion at a family gathering," he said, bowing with great politeness, "but my business is urgent. As you belong to this noble family of Spain, I should be happy if you could arrange for me to have a talk with the head of your organization. The endorsement of this family will give me the prestige I need." He bowed elaborately in Ramón's direction. "I am in a position to offer them a very attractive price for the oil."

"I shall be glad to arrange the interview, Herr von Brenen," Jim replied, ignoring his remark about the family. "But I don't want to raise any false hopes in your mind. We have no surplus at present. I doubt if there will be any available for foreign export in the near future, if ever."

The man's brows drew together as if surprised that anyone would refuse what he asked.

"Where can I reach you?" Jim inquired.

"If you will tell this friend of mine, he will know where to find me." Herr von Brenen inclined his head toward Ramón.

As they returned to the *sala,* Ramón said, "Spain and Germany might be profitable customers for you. I should suggest you give Herr von Brenen all the encouragement you can."

Jim, watching Ramón move about among his guests, tried to figure out what was behind his sudden interest in the oil business. Ramón had changed considerably in the last year. His small black eyes had grown more cunning in expression, while his body and face, always a little too plump, had grown plumper. He's living by his wits, was Jim's conclusion, and it's a very comfortable existence. He knew that Ramón had to a considerable extent recouped his family's fortune since he had taken over management, and that he used his money lavishly to buy protection from all manner of official regulations.

HERR VON BRENEN arrived at the offices of the oil company on the minute of the hour set for the interview, but there was a wait for Nacho. When he finally entered, it was obviously with distaste for his task and disgust with himself that, in a moment of social graciousness at Louisa's party, he had agreed to serve as interpreter. The German and the American discussed Mexico's oil as if it were something which they could freely barter away. In tight-lipped anger Ignacio translated their words.

That evening he began to question Jim about the oil problem.

"Why don't you make a study of Mexico's resources, Nacho?" Jim did not think Ignacio was a mere waster. He simply had not found anything into which he could wholeheartedly throw himself.

The idea appealed to Ignacio. He went the next day to libraries and bookstores, hunted out every book and pamphlet he could find on the subject, went to Pablo to get what labor men had written. He took over his grandfather's library and immersed himself in his studies. Often, in the evening, he asked Jim to join him.

Concha often joined them, too. Afterward she would ask Jim questions. Her reactions were clear-cut and very much her own.

One evening when Ignacio introduced the subject of subsoil rights, arguing that it was only just that Mexico should take possession of this wealth of hers, Jim asked, "Isn't it too late for Mexico to control her subsoil products? Your government sold them and received its price. How can it go back on its word? My people bought in good faith."

"Good faith? A country that sends its ships into a foreign port—Vera Cruz is a Mexican port, isn't it?—and orders them to fire. Dollar diplomacy!" snapped Ignacio. "You forget there has been a Revolution in this country, and by your willingness to co-operate you are hindering the new democarcy from achieving its purposes."

"With leaders like your Millionaire Socialists, controlled by a dictator in power for a decade—and for God knows how much longer—you call yourself a democracy! A country like yours!" Jim laughed.

Ignacio jumped to his feet. "That's an insult!"

Suddenly Concha, sitting until now in the shadows clasping and unclasping her hands, rose and left the room. Jim hurried after his wife. In the heat of the discussion he had forgotten her presence. He was genuinely sorry he had spoken as he had. But after being careful never to offend the Mexicans with whom he was constantly negotiating, and showing the same care at home, it had seemed good for once to speak out.

He found her in their bedroom. "I'm sorry," he said, walking over to her and putting his hand on her shoulder. "I didn't mean to quarrel with Nacho."

"Then it's not so that you care for Mexico. You've only pretended to."

"Why, of course, I care. What I said to Nacho doesn't change that, does it?"

"I think so." She walked away from him. She picked up a toy of Tito's from the table—a rabbit with pink ears that Jim had ordered from the States for his Easter. Everything for Tito Jim wanted sent from the States. His father was teaching him to look down on Mexico! In a flash she was certain of it.

"It's bitter enough that Tito will not love Mexico," she cried. "You won't let him."

"Concha, this is foolishness! Tito isn't going to be brought up that way." Jim walked over to her, took her hands in his. "Surely you can't doubt me. You know yourself the government you have now is rotten."

Concha said in a low tone, not raising her eyes to him, "I must have no more children. You know what that means as I am a Catholic." There was finality in her tone.

Jim dropped her hands. All the disappointment and resentment he had long held under broke through his control. "I married you to have a wife, children, and a home. What have I had?" he cried. "We had one day alone together for a honeymoon. Ever since your family has absorbed you. Why, we hardly see each other except at night when we go to bed. And now—!"

"You mean you have not been satisfied with our marriage?" Concha in white-hot anger snatched her dressing gown from the wardrobe and started for the door. Then she remembered the family and returned. But in the morning she and Jim were like strangers to each other.

When a few weeks later they were settled in their own home Concha still maintained her aloofness. Jim began to despair. Were things once said between two people never forgotten?

Concha was at the door to welcome him when he returned at noon for dinner and the siesta hour. She met him downtown at the end of the day, and together they hunted in the antique shops for pieces of furniture they wanted for their house. They planned to attend the summer opera. Nights when they were at home they sent away the nurse and put Tito to bed. But there was no reality in their companionship.

AND then one evening Tito put up his arms, pulled their heads together and tried to kiss them both at once. Afterward, going downstairs, Concha impulsively took her husband's hand, exclaiming, "Tito couldn't be nicer, could he? And he's ours."

She went upstairs early, leaving him to read. After a little he rose and followed her. Her door was closed. He knocked gently. But the key turned softly in the lock.

The next day Louisa came in, threw off her coat, and sat down on the floor by Tito. Concha had noticed how often Louisa let her fingers linger over Tito's small hand, how often she touched his soft curls. She felt a longing to end this tortured desire of her sister's for a child.

Louisa, looking up, caught the expression in Concha's eyes. For a moment she was angry that her secret had been discovered. Then she laid her head on Concha's knee. "I can't bear it. Ramón—there's another family! They have a son."

Concha stroked the thick mass of gold hair so like Tito's. There was nothing to say that would be any comfort to Louisa. All at once fear took hold of her. Suppose she should lose Jim as Louisa had lost Ramón!

That night Concha lay awake thinking. As the hours

wore on, she worked forward to a clear-sighted conception of her marriage. There must be compromise and knowledge on her part. If she asked Jim to understand and respect her way of life, she must give understanding and respect to his. She had never let him explain his position that evening of their quarrel. But she loved him, and in her heart she knew she trusted him.

She slipped out of her room and went to Jim's. She could hear his quiet breathing. She went over to the bed, looked down on him. In sleep his mouth looked stern and he remote, withdrawn.

She slipped off her robe, crept in beside him. Still asleep, he turned, throwing his arm across her. It was heavy, pinning her down, but the warmth of his body passed into her, and she slept.

Summer merged into autumn. Concha found herself given over to a kind of brooding peace. In the quietness and solitude of her house she made the delicate adjustment to her marriage. In moments of passion, companionship, even strife, the shaping to Jim went on. She began to study English.

One thing she regretted: she had been obliged to dismiss Soledad because of an unfortunate encounter the girl had had with Mamá Grande.

SOLEDAD had not been able to secure other work and by late fall her slender resources had dwindled to nothing. And Guadalupe was dead. Soledad was as certain of it as if she had witnessed his death. Tragic by nature, tragic by experience, she accepted tragedy.

Late one afternoon Ignacio, passing the house, noticed that the door stood ajar. Had they moved away? He'd take a look around. And then he came upon Soledad sitting in the *sala,* not noticing him even when he stood before her.

Only when he put his hand on her shoulder did she stir. "There is no need to come here, Guadalupe is dead."

It was the first time Soledad had spoken her husband's name aloud. But it eased her to talk of him now, and Ignacio found it good to listen. The tenderness in her voice was for Guadalupe, but somehow it seemed to include him.

As she went on with her tale, he began to be aware of an urgency in her. "This is Guadalupe's home," she kept saying. "I must see to it that nothing ever happens to it. Guadalupe said the fruits of the Revolution were homes like this. This house he would wish me to keep."

Ignacio, who never had wanted for money, at last understood her predicament. She was about to be evicted. When he picked up his hat to go, he left a roll of bills.

A day or two later, when he came again she opened the heavy outside door for him and led him along the gallery, without a word. Once within the *sala,* she burst out, "There is your money, there in the corner! Pick it up!"

Ignacio with a quick movement grasped her shoulder, pushed her down into a chair. His feeling for her was now fully in keeping with what his father had taught him—all women of this class could be bought. "You'll listen to me, Soledad. Your interpretation of my generosity puts matters on a different plane, one not there in the beginning. So I am making you an offer. Despite my dislike for you, I find you desirable."

Laughter filled with bitterness burst from her. "Let us make this arrangement, if you wish," she said after a moment. "It is only, you must understand, so that I may continue to live here where Guadalupe wished me to live. But I warn you, what the Revolution has taught me I shall teach you."

One day in the late summer while Soledad was out shopping, a man stepped before her on the street. It was Pablo. In his ironic gaze, she saw that he recognized both her beauty and her present way of life.

"You would not, I suppose, care to teach in a rural school in the mountains—just room for a man to squeeze between the boulders to enter the village?"

There was irony in his voice, too, but Soledad ignored it. "Where is it, Pablo? Tell me quickly. Where do I go to get that school?"

"You should know where to go. You have not forgotten the Bureau of Education, have you?"

Once within the little pink house, Soledad dressed in the simplest, most inconspicuous dress she owned and packed a few things in a bag.

As she crossed the patio Ignacio confronted her.

"So this is the way you mean to repay me! I have trained you, but not for another."

She wrested herself free from his grasp. "Stay where you are. I am leaving you, but not for the reason you think. What have you done to me, Ignacio?" There was both anguish and pleading in her voice. She turned away from him and walked from the room and out of the door.

Later Ignacio, turning over the contents of a chest of drawers where Soledad kept her most personal possessions, came upon a faded photograph of a girl in an old military coat which reached to her feet. A bandoleer all but covered her small, narrow chest. A rifle almost touching the ground was clutched in one hand.

He studied the pinched, sober little face. A ragged bang of hair hung down over the child's forehead, almost into her eyes which looked steadily, solemnly at him. His heart went out to the small Soledad. The Revolution! Never would he be able to forget the stark scenes she had drawn of those days.

That same evening the Soledad he had lost passed between the two great stones which guarded the entrance to the village high on the mountainsides above the rich hacienda of his family.

VICENTE NAVARRO had not done so well as he expected at the hacienda. There had been trouble among the villagers since he had let the overseer go and taken over the supervision himself at his father's death. An unusual number of breakdowns in the sugar-mill machinery had necessitated several large outlays of money. Some of his new plantings of sugar cane were not doing well. His personal expenses were heavy. His parties had become notorious. He must borrow heavily this year.

That Mamá Grande knew a good deal of hacienda affairs he had no doubt. The old gateman Francisco, he believed, was her special envoy.

In May, Ignacio's Saint's day was celebrated at a family gathering. After dinner, Mamá Grande had something to say to them.

"It is not only to celebrate Ignacio's Saint's day that I have called you together. News has reached me that I feel I should pass on, for it is important to you all. Again there is a threat to all *hacendados.* Their land is to be taken from them, ours among the rest. This common person called President Cardenas can, like all the others, of course, be bought. They are rushing a fund to him. To save the Navarro estate let us give our share."

"Who gave you this information?" her son asked, not raising his eyes.

"I am not at liberty to say."

That had been Ramón's stipulation when he brought the news to her. It had been his plan also to bring up the matter in a family gathering, thus flushing his prey into the open. Vicente, he knew, was headed toward bankruptcy. Now was the time to lend money to him for the fund and in payment exact Vicente's promise to abdicate in his favor.

"I, too, am an owner. I'll match any sum you put up," Ramón said. "How much money can you place in my hands tomorrow morning?"

"None," Vicente replied.

The enormity of the disclosure left Mamá Grande speechless.

"If I put up a suitable sum for both of us," Ramón said to Vicente, "I want a written assurance that neither you nor Ignacio, who is to inherit from you, will have anything to do with the handling of the estate from now on. I will attend to it and make a report to Mamá Grande."

"I refuse my consent." It was Ignacio speaking. "I do not wish this fund sent to buy up the President. I am on the side of the villagers. Let them have the land. My whole life has been colored with the struggle to keep it."

"And you would like to go to work?" Ramón's tone was silky-smooth. "Of course, I would not force riches upon you, or your father." Ramón rose and with elaborate politeness raised Mamá Grande's hand to his lips. Then he turned to his wife. "Come, Louisa," he said, and walked ahead of her out of the room.

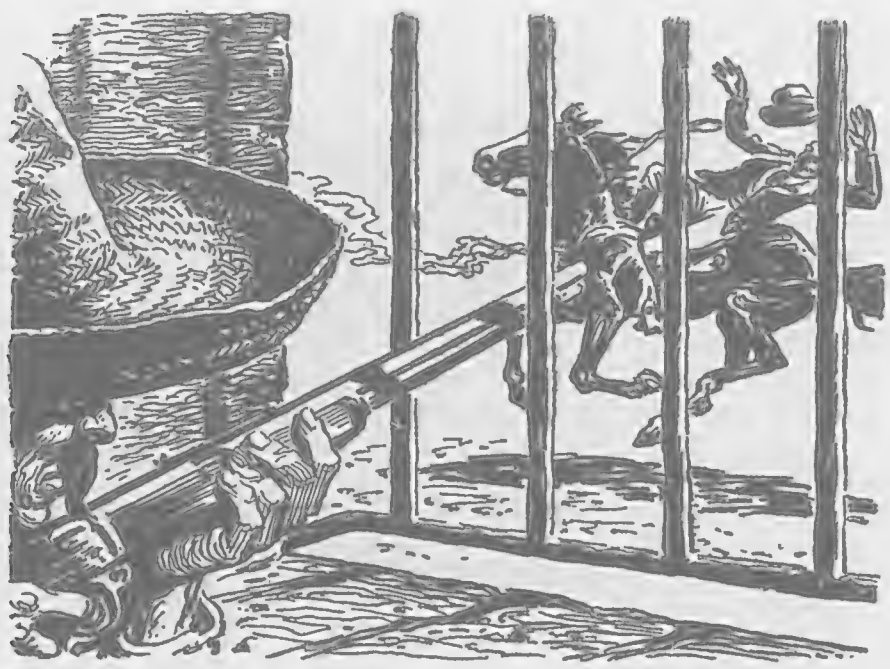
As the door closed behind them, Ignacio spoke. "Mamá Grande, in this matter I have later information than either you or Ramón. Even now it is too late to offer money. This new regime is proudly honorable—at least for the time being," he added with a return to his habitual skepticism. "Tomorrow morning we shall receive a summons to appear at the hacienda and sign papers dividing our land with the villagers. Let us do it with the dignity that befits our heritage."

"I turn over rich sugar-cane fields to my Indians!" Suddenly there burst from Mamá Grande satirical, high-pitched laughter.

"Father," Ignacio began, when the others had left the room, "I have a message for you from Pablo. He said to tell you that two hundred acres will probably be your allotment. But the government means to finance a few co-operative organizations, and he thinks he might get them to set up one between you and villagers. By hard work we could soon make it pay."

"I'd see myself in the grave before I'd stoop to such a plan. You can tell Pablo that for me."

But next day, when the officials arrived, not by look or



gesture did Vicente show that he was being stripped of his wealth.

"The sugar mill, if you wish, we will buy from you," said the President's representative.

"I prefer not to sell it," Vicente answered. "I believe you are making my allotment two hundred acres. I think I can use the mill to advantage."

Ignacio, watching his father, for the time held him in respect.

Vicente planned to buy from the villages the sugar cane they produced in their fields and hire the men as day laborers to cultivate his two hundred acres and to work in the mill.

But from the beginning there was bad blood between Vicente and the village.

One morning in the early summer when he was riding furiously through the narrow street, there was a sudden sound of a shot. He reeled in his saddle, then fell, sprawled in the dust of the road. He died in an hour.

PABLO, knowing Ignacio would have need now of employment, offered his half-brother a position in the new and struggling People's University to teach subsoil problems. It pleased him to put Ignacio to work and also under obligation to him. But Ignacio consented only on the condition he was not to be paid.

He would have nothing to do with settling his father's estate. Doña Maria appealed to Ramón to help her. But quietly Ramón found business demanding his presence in the States. Then Mamá Grande appealed to Jim.

When out of the chaos of Vicente's accounts order was established, Jim found little left. The haciendas, the city property, Vicente had mortgaged in a last effort to rehabilitate himself. Jim sold what hacienda property he could, paying off as many creditors as possible. For the two hundred acres surrounding the house of the big hacienda he found no buyer.

Next he proposed to Mamá Grande that she let Ignacio dispose of the great city mansion and move into a smaller dwelling. "There would be no loss of position attached to such a move," he assured her. Mamá Grande flatly refused. Jim then proposed they make the great house into apartments for the rising middle class, keeping the top floor for her; and to this she consented.

Six months after they were started, the apartments were finished and all but one were rented. It was the smallest of them all, not large enough for a family with children. Concha was wondering if they would have to reduce the rent on it when into the office came a young woman. She was undoubtedly Mexican, and yet there was something about her that reminded Concha of a woman from the States, something direct and determined.

"I have just heard of these apartments," she began. "And I came to see if there is still one vacant."

As Concha did not answer, she went on quickly: "I can give you references. My father and I have recently come here from the States, where I have been studying to be a doctor. He formerly held a position in the government." She was looking at the floor plan as she spoke. "This little one not marked rented I see is on the south, and it is large enough for my father and me."

"I shall have to speak to my brother about it," Concha said. "He is renting only to working people."

"I am working," the young woman answered quietly. "I am attached to the children's hospital."

Just then Ignacio entered the room. He frowned. Then suddenly his face seemed lighted from within. "Why, Berta Mendoza!" he exclaimed. "Where have you been? I hunted everywhere for you when I came back from Europe! I didn't know you for a minute. You were such a little, wiry thing when I used to walk home with you from preparatory school. You're so softly rounded now." He was looking into her eyes. The lively eyes of a boy, he had thought when they were school chums, because of their intelligence. They held depth and understanding now.

"Ignacio Navarro! Nachito, how beautiful to see you again! And to think it is to your house I come." She grasped his shoulders, looked up into his face, and laughed. "And I hear you accept only working people. You, Nachito, who always were such an aristocrat. Now we can indeed be friends—and may I have the flat?"

"Yes, of course you can have it!" he exclaimed. "Come, I'll show it to you myself!"

ONE beautiful May evening, Nacho sat in his car outside the hospital, waiting. Berta, glancing out of the hospital window from time to time, saw him slumped in the seat. Then at last she was free, and she hurried into her street clothes and out to the car. Swiftly Ignacio drove through the streets, empty of the usual traffic. Silent, almost as if it slumbered, the old city lay under its canopy of stars. Berta, tired from the day's work and the long walk to the hospital that morning, sank back with a sigh. And then as they drove on, Ignacio could feel her lassitude giving way to exuberant joy in the evening.

"Berta, you've got to marry me. Days like this without you are intolerable. I need you more than those people do at the hospital. Why do you keep putting me off? I adore you, Berta."

"Nachito." There was reproach in the way she spoke his name. "This we have agreed we would not talk more about."

"But I know you love me. I've seen it in your eyes."

"Nachito, I shall tell you here tonight under these stars I do love you, but I will not marry you—not until you learn to work." Now she had said it, and she was almost sorry. And yet—no, she was not. His body, thin and elegant but never exhausted with effort, sometimes, as tonight, affronted her.

"You know I am teaching a class at the People's University."

"When you feel like it. Men like you, Nacho, have been idle too long in Mexico. Go to the States, study to be a lawyer—or a doctor or anything. Come back and help your country. Then I'll marry you."

But Ignacio continued to give himself over to easy pleasure and to Mamá Grande's soft care. He felt that neither the Mexicans nor the North Americans had the idealism to put self-interest aside and work for unity. Why should he try to save them?

Then one evening he discovered that Ramón was a member of a secret movement meant primarily to divide the Americas at the Rio Grande. Ramón, a little drunk, gave the salute. A Spaniard lately come from home thought it meant Ignacio was a member of their organization. "Good to welcome a man of your standing," he whispered. "The old Mexico restored. Church and state one.

Landowners holding the power and the riches. Union with Spain."

Many things about Ramón which had puzzled Ignacio now fell into place. The coming of the rich relatives from Spain, and always with them Herr von Brenen. Mexico helping Spain, Germany. They in turn helping Ramón and his friends back into power.

The spark of endeavor in Ignacio kindled again into purpose. He lived out his days on the surface as idly as ever. But under his gaiety his mind was alert, missing no possible clue. It was an exciting, all-absorbing task. Carefully, sometimes by brilliant flashes of understanding, he pieced bits of information together. He was seen most frequently with Ramón.

But often he went to a small house on a side street—Pablo's house.

At the very end of the summer he learned the name of the secret organization—Sinarquistas. It meant order—military order. A military organization, then!

Just at that time a Federal Arbitration Board declared the labor increases offered by the companies far below what they were able to pay, and awarded labor an increase of wages.

When the foreign oil companies met to discuss their answer, most of the local men agreed with the higher executives sent to Mexico to handle this crisis, that they would not give in to the demands of Mexican labor.

Jim had gone to the meeting. Now he leaned forward, saying quietly, "Gentlemen, I believe that if you don't accept the Arbitration Board's findings, you will lose out entirely. Emotion is running high among all classes. The Mexican people with few exceptions want confiscation—would welcome it, in fact."

"You fail to remember we have big and powerful governments behind us," said the spokesman for one of the English companies. "It would be a steal, and we'd put it right up to our governments to take action. This is not an individual matter. It sets a precedent in all countries. A statement should be made to the papers immediately."

Jim looked on hopelessly as the statement was given out.

On the first day of March the Supreme Court gave its decision. It upheld the findings of the Arbitration Board. The oil companies refused to accept the decision.

Late that afternoon Jim was getting ready to leave his office. A door banged. He turned to see Ignacio walking across the room.

Nacho spoke coldly. "I have just seen Pablo. The President is done with your outfit and all the others. He means to take over the oil wells tonight. He is in conference now with some of the senators. You have just one chance left. If within the next hour we can persuade the oil companies to accept the Supreme Court's decision, you may save yourselves. You understand I'm not interested in saving the companies for their own sakes. But I do care what happens here."

Even in the midst of Jim's consternation he felt a little thrill of satisfaction. Nacho had said, "If *we* can reach them."

Jim seized his hat. A half-hour later, he was back with the compliance of the companies—a hastily written slip their lawyer had handed him. He gave it to Ignacio, who had waited in the lobby, went with him as far as the entrance to the palace, watched him cross the great patio, disappear in the shadows of a stairway. Then he went back to the hotel to wait.

When Nacho returned, defeat was written in the lines of his face, his whole body. "It was too late," he said.

That evening Concha's mother made a suggestion.

"I am not unaware of the struggle you are facing," she said, addressing Jim. "North Americans are not popular in Mexico just now. But your people and Concha's have always belonged to the land. There is our abandoned hacienda, two hundred acres of sugar cane under cultivation and a village in need of guidance. It is in our villages—" she looked toward Concha now—"that the final salvation of the country lies."

"But I'm no farmer, Mamá," Jim objected.

"You don't need to be," she answered, "at least to begin the task. You need to be a good businessman and humane enough to co-operate with the village."

"It would not be safe for Concha and Tito," he said after a little thought.

"You mean," said Mamá, "because my husband was killed there, they might be killed?"

"Yes, his murderer has never been punished. Why wouldn't the villagers feel they might get away with something like that again? I couldn't risk it." Jim looked at Concha as he spoke.

"I am not afraid, Jim," she said. "I would like to live at the hacienda. Tito could stay with Louisa until we were settled."

So one morning a month later Concha and Jim drove out of the city of Mexico toward the barricade of mountains. Everything pointed to reasonable success in the undertaking. Through Pablo Jim had met one of the hacienda experts who knew that part of the country well. The expert had assured him he could start harvesting the cane as soon as the rainy season, soon to begin, was over. In the rich bottom land of the hacienda the sugar cane, though neglected and the yield lighter than under care, would be salable.

Ramón had bought the house in town. He had even offered to put up some capital, but Jim had not accepted. He wanted a free hand.

WHEN the rainy season was over, the cutting of cane began. It was the first yield since Jim's coming, and on it so much depended. If he could make his initial payment to Nacho for the land, he would be satisfied.

But in the midst of harvesting the cane it was necessary for Jim to go to Mexico City with Concha. The time of her second confinement was very near. Could he trust his laborers? He *must* trust them. He called in his best worker.

"Fidel, I must go to the capital with the señora."

"I understand, *patron*. The señora wishes to be with her own people. There will be no slackening of effort here." Fidel bowed and went out.

In the city, Jim noticed that there were many more Germans than previously in the throngs on the streets. In the shops he saw Germans and aristocratic Spaniards mingling in camaraderie.

One evening as he came into the hospital he found Ignacio sitting with Concha. He was startled by the change in him. There were hairlike lines leading out from

his eyes. His face was thin. The warmth of Ignacio's embrace made Jim realize with gratitude that the friendship persisted which had developed between them.

As they left Concha's room, Jim burst out: "Nacho, what is happening to *my* country here in the capital? We have made grave mistakes, as you know, but there has always been respect between us. What are the causes of this distrust?"

"Did you know that oil sales to the States have been completely blocked?"

"So I understand," Jim answered.

"And I believe that the man who is the brains of that blockade is von Brenen who is negotiating for those stocks to go to Germany."

"It can't be!" Jim exclaimed. "He hasn't enough power in the States."

"The people he manipulates may not know they are being manipulated."

At midnight Jim was called back to the hospital to see his second son. "What shall we call him, my husband?" Concha asked.

Jim answered, "After your brother."

Concha smiled. "Yes . . . Ignacio—and for everyday we'll call him Palito, Little Stick. He is as straight as a little stick. Most babies are all cuddled up into themselves."

JIM was very happy as he and Tito went together to inspect the fields the day after their return to the hacienda. He would be able to meet his payments on the bank's loan and pay something to Ignacio.

"And now," Fidel said, when they came back from the fields, "the village asks of the *patron* a holiday to finish the school."

By the time Concha and the baby came a school building had been completed and the village had asked the government for a man who could teach them new methods of agriculture as well as reading and writing.

When six months had gone by and no teacher had arrived, Jim wrote Ignacio, asking him to exert any influence he had with the Department of Education. Ignacio took the matter up with Pablo.

"I've just the person, a man—that's what your brother-in-law wants, is it not so? He's trained as a surveyor, knows the country and something of agriculture."

It seemed to Ignacio that his half brother looked at him with malicious delight. He was puzzled.

On the day of the school's opening, Concha and Jim saw to their delight that Ignacio was one of the government's representatives taking part in the ceremonies.

"I had not thought to be here today, but a friend of mine asked me to take his place," Ignacio said in explanation, and added in an aside to Jim, "Pablo was to have come, but at the last minute found he was too busy." Looking at Concha, Ignacio suddenly wanted to be with her for a while, and suggested he stay with them a few days.

That evening the two men sat talking.

"When your country boycotted our oil it gave the Falangistas just the excuse they wanted," Ignacio said. "Now the movement has gone underground, but the Falangistas are operating through a secret organization here called the Sinarquistas to destroy the unity of the continent, stir up trouble in the villages, bring back the old regime."

"I can do nothing about it," Jim said.

"But would you, if you knew you really could help?" persisted Ignacio.

"If such a moment comes, that will be time to decide." Jim was unwilling to commit himself blindly to any quixotic plan that Nacho might be sponsoring. "Let us go over to see if the teacher has arrived," he added.

In the room at the back of the schoolhouse, where the teacher was to live, they heard someone moving about. Jim knocked on the door. A man, thin almost to the point of emaciation, opened it. "Will you come in?" he asked in a gentle voice.

Neither Jim nor Ignacio moved.

"Guadalupe!" gasped Jim at last. He held out his hand. "I am glad to welcome you. We need a man like you here in the village—as we did in the oil business."

Still Ignacio did not speak.

"And your wife?" asked Jim. "Is she with you now?"

"I think she must be dead," Guadalupe answered, "or she would have left some word for me with the friend who managed to get me free—or perhaps you did not know that I was one of the labor men sent to the penal colony."

"I suspected it," said Jim. "Few come back."

Guadalupe turned to Ignacio. "It was Pablo who succeeded in getting me free and took me into his house until I was strong again. He tried to find Soledad but could not. I have come to accept her loss." He spoke with quiet resignation. "But the school. . ."

Ignacio turned and left them. What a trick for Pablo to play on him! Raising Guadalupe up from the dead to confront him. He knew no more than Guadalupe what had become of Soledad. In another hour he was on his way back to Mexico City. He would not accept such an insult from Pablo.

"What did you expect to accomplish, anyway?" Ignacio demanded when he confronted his half brother. "What kind of a mischief-maker are you—having Guadalupe released from prison, nursing him, getting him into my very family, and then sending me down to meet him? What did you think I'd do? It's none of your business what happened between Soledad and me. I'd shoot you if you weren't my brother."

"And I'd shoot you if you weren't mine." Pablo got to his feet and moved out from behind his desk. "What did you do such a dirty trick for—take a decent woman like Soledad, treat her as if she were in the world just to serve you? She meant something to all of us. She stood up to things when the rest of us didn't. And you—a son of your father all right! It's time somebody teaches you you're not entitled—" Pablo swung out with his fists.

Ignacio struck back with a blow that made Pablo reel. Then Pablo came on again, charging like an angry bull. Blindly, furiously, the two fought until someone separated them, pushed them into chairs. Panting, exhausted, they sat facing each other.

"I guess we had it coming," said Pablo.

"Yes, I suppose so. I'd better be going now." Ignacio rose to leave.

"Sit down," said Pablo. "You said something the other day about a man to send to the States. Was it your brother-in-law?"

"Yes," Ignacio mumbled. His lips were swollen and bruised.

"Do you think he'd go? My idea would be for him to approach the independent oil companies and see if he could get them to break the blockade."

"If I could go to him with a clear proposition I rather think he would consent."

Together they planned ways and means. All their distrust of each other seemed to have been resolved in their physical struggle.

As soon as Nacho was sufficiently recovered from his bruises, he went down again to the hacienda to see Jim. "I am going to put it frankly to you this time," he said. "We are in need of an envoy to your country, and we believe you are the man."

"Before we go farther in our talk," Jim interrupted, "I must know whom you mean when you say 'we.' "

"I am speaking for the President," Nacho said. "At least for a small inner group of men close to the President. You know one of them—Pablo, my half brother. It is a desperate last-minute effort. Barter contracts will be signed with Germany if the boycott isn't broken. If a man like you were sent to the oil independents now, and he could get them to break it—"

"I am not strong enough; the independents are not strong enough," Jim answered. "Besides, I have Concha and the children to think of. He shook his head. "No," he said. "I cannot do it."

THE six months following Ignacio's visit passed swiftly for Jim. He decided to make an investment in machinery and put the sugar mill in condition. It would give employment to more men and be another co-operative venture to interest them all and hold them against exploitation by the Sinarquistas. He was beginning to hear more and more of them.

"Pressure is being brought to bear on the village to join," Guadalupe told him.

One evening Jim felt uneasiness stirring within him. He walked along the veranda to the window of the children's room. "Concha," he called softly, "I'm restless. Come and sit with me on the roof."

Together they went up the winding stairs. Here on the roof only the sounds of village life and the sounds of nature accented the silence—the occasional soft footfalls of men returning to their huts, the *rub-rub* of wet corn under the rolling pin of a late worker, a light wind in the trees, the chirp of insects. Concha put her hand in Jim's.

Lights suddenly appeared in the dark hills, merging into a long serpentine line snaking over the hills, and faintly on the wind came the watchword of the Sinarquistas: "Faith and Country! Long live Christ the King!" The sound was high-pitched, the cry of fanatics on the march.

Concha shivered. "What is it, Jim?"

Then Jim told her all he knew of the organization and what it was trying to do, everything that Ignacio had told him except the plan to send him to the States as an envoy.

JIM on his roof and Guadalupe standing on the steps of his school were both wondering if they could hold the village against a doctrine that would, if it took root there, repudiate them.

Guadalupe heard stealthy footsteps. Moving quietly, he followed the sound. Evil was abroad tonight. There were men in the village Guadalupe did not trust. Yes, the footsteps moved toward the hacienda gate. Carefully now he followed the crouched figure he could just discern skulking along in the shadow of the church wall. It crossed a patch of moonlight, hurrying toward the shadow beyond. It was a woman! Something familiar in the movements—Guadalupe's heart leaped within him.

"Soledad!" He sprang forward. The woman swung around and then dropped to the ground at his feet. Guadalupe bent over her crumpled form. Her right arm hung limp when he tried to lift her. Her dress was torn and wet. Her feet were bare and bruised.

"Soledad, it's Guadalupe," he whispered.

He did not know how many times he had said it before she opened her eyes, looked at him. "Guadalupe?" she gasped. "Guadalupe is dead."

"There, there!" He soothed her as he would a child. "God led you here to me. I have searched for you everywhere. And now God has brought you when I ceased to demand it of him."

Soledad raised her left hand, running her fingers over his face as a blind man might have done who wished to fix in his mind's eye what he could not see. Then she settled quietly back in his arms. "A miracle," she whispered and closed her eyes.

He carried her to his room in the school, his thoughts in chaos. With fingers that shook he undressed her, laid her in his bed. How had she been hurt? Where had she come from?

He started as he heard a sudden knocking on the hacienda gate. He went quickly and opened the door of the school, standing tense, listening.

The same knock brought Jim and Concha down from the roof. Who could be coming at this hour?

"Why, it's Nacho's car!" exclaimed Concha, as the runabout came to a stop at the foot of the gallery steps. She ran forward, crying, "Nacho, is anything wrong at home?"

Ignacio slammed the door of his car, came quickly up the steps, embraced Concha, then Jim. "No, nothing is wrong at home, Concha. I've come to see Jim. It's important."

Once they were within the *sala*, with the doors shut, Ignacio stated his business. "I have come to you for the last time, Jim. The mission to your people cannot wait longer."

Concha clasped her hands, looking at Jim, waiting for him to speak. His silence seemed unbearable. What was it that he had not talked over with her? A sense of disaster took hold of her.

Nacho went on: "So far there have been no contracts made with Spain or Germany, but von Brenen is here again and pressing hard for one to cover a period of ten years. So far the government has sold only by the shipload, but it needs money, and the price offered is very generous."

"It would be dangerous." It was Concha who had spoken. "Do you think that von Brenen would give up easily?" She looked straight at her brother.

"He will know nothing about it until Jim is safely across the border—and know nothing then unless the independents act."

"I cannot leave Concha and the children here," Jim said. "It's not safe. The village is not proof against the fanatical hatred spreading so fast. You never know what men will do at such a time."

"I am not afraid. No one in this village will hurt me. It is Jim who will be in danger," Concha said.

After a pause Jim spoke. "If I go, how soon do you think I should start?"

"As soon as you possibly can." Ignacio rose to leave. "I must be back early tomorrow morning. I do not wish to be missed just now. If you decide to undertake the mission, come up to Mexico City immediately."

That night, after Ignacio left, Concha and Jim both knew that they had come to a crisis in their lives. But Concha could not bring herself to say, "Go, Jim."

The night dragged on into day. Jim sat in his office trying to think through his dilemma, for dilemma more and more it seemed to him as the hours passed.

Toward the end of the day Concha rode her horse to the field where the men were working. She did not want them to miss Jim's presence. It would be fatal at a time like this, with the village again critical of them, to appear to have lost concern in their mutual undertaking.

She knew immediately that the men's attitude was changed from friendliness to guarded watching. As she rode back, it came to her that as she was a Catholic she could handle the situation among them better with Jim away. His leaving would aid, not hinder, peace just now.

By that subtle understanding come to them through years of adaptation of one to the other, she knew that if he did not go, something would die within him.

AS she reached the village on her return Guadalupe came toward her, and she reined in her horse. "Señora Buchanan, it is a hard thing that I have to say, and I should rather say it to Señor Jim, but I have no time to waste. I must leave the school immediately. I must go tonight."

"The danger is that great?" Concha asked quietly, but her heart was pounding with joy. Whatever she said now, Jim would not go and leave her alone.

"It is not for myself," Guadalupe hurried to explain. "It is that last night a schoolteacher was driven out of a village beyond us in the mountains. She fled here for help and took refuge with me. She is my wife! She is Soledad!"

On his going hung her right to keep Jim. But to her own surprise she heard herself saying, "Guadalupe, this can be arranged, but not now. Hide Soledad, if necessary, for a day, and if my husband sends for you say nothing about this. He himself must be absent for a little, and he needs to go feeling that you are here to help me. He leaves this evening. After that we can make arrangements."

Concha cantered across the park, dismounted at the foot of the gallery steps, and hurried in to Jim before she could change her mind. Standing behind him so he could not see the effort it was costing her to speak, she said, "I won't hold you back, Jim, from anything you feel you should do."

Jim swung round, facing her. "I should start tonight. Do you really think you can manage, Concha? I won't be gone more than two months at the outside."

"Don't worry," she said. "I'll manage."

He went on to the closed door of the children's room. "I don't like to go like this. Would you mind, Concha, if I should wake Tito? There are things I should like to say to him."

Together they entered the room, Concha shielding the lamp's blaze with her hand. Jim sat down on the edge of Tito's bed, laid his hand on the child's shoulder. "Tito." He said it three times before Tito's eyes opened. When they closed again, Jim lifted his child into his arms, saying

with sudden urgency, "Tito, I must speak to you. It is about your work."

"I am here." Tito's eyes opened wide this time. A scowl set between his brows as he looked into his father's eyes.

"I have only a few minutes to spare, Tito. I am being called away on important business. I want to put Mother and Palito in your care until I return."

"And the care of the hacienda, if you are going away." There was a proud lift of Tito's head.

"Can I trust you, Tito?" Jim put his hand under the child's chin.

"I am the *patron*." His voice rose.

"Jim, he is too little for such a decision." Concha had not meant to speak. The words said themselves.

"Yes, I am too little," echoed Tito, nestling his spirit into the soft subterfuge his mother offered him.

"Then I must choose Guadalupe to take care of things while I am away."

Tito laid his hand caressingly against his father's cheek. "A wee *patron* no bigger than a tiny fairy."

SHE stood at the hacienda gate to watch Jim's car cross the dimly lighted plaza, watch it disappear down the street of the village until it was swallowed up in the distance. Finally she turned, barring the gate behind her. At the very fullness of their lives Jim had let himself be drawn away from her. How could he let it happen after these months when they had been so closely bound?

Scattered about in their bedroom lay the things he had discarded. Slowly she picked them up. There were not many, and when she had finished putting them in the drawers, there was nothing in the room to remind her of Jim.

That night apprehension swept in upon her. She had neglected to caution Jim against Ramón. Ramón was working with the Germans, she was certain. And was Louisa their dupe, or did she share in the intrigue? Oh, Louisa, Concha cried in her heart, don't let anything happen to Jim!

WHEN Jim reached the city, in order not to arouse any suspicion he carried out his usual program. Leaving his bag at the Majestic Hotel, where he always stayed when in town, he went immediately to call on Mamá Grande. Now that she had no part in the affairs of the hacienda, she assumed indifference, but in reality she was eager for every detail.

Next he had a few moments with Nacho, and later they met at Pablo's.

Jim had not liked Pablo on the occasion he had seen him before. He had seemed too full of suspicions and prejudices; but today, as they conferred, Jim had a different impression of the man. Pablo had grown in stature, or else his real quality had not shown before. He spoke with considerable dignity and with a degree of friendliness that warmed Jim, while every detail of the trip was being settled.

Then Jim drove up to call on Louisa. No act of politeness must be neglected today. The house, as usual, was full of people.

"Have you seen Nacho lately?" asked Ramón, scrutinizing Jim closely.

"I looked in on him this morning. He rarely comes to see us. Like you," he added lightly.

"How is Concha?" questioned Louisa. "You shouldn't have left her alone, Jim, even for a night. Did you say you were going back tomorrow?" Jim had no recollection that he had.

It was just as he was leaving that he encountered the German, von Brenen, whom twice before he had met in his sister-in-law's house.

"I speak the English now," the man said. "You have visited your own country since we last met, is it not so? No? I see. The time is not good. Too many of the accident on that fine new road to Laredo." He laughed and passed on.

Jim went away deeply troubled. He was certain the reason for his presence in Mexico City was known, and he was being warned that if he carried out his plans, efforts would be made to stop him. A strange excitement took hold of him.

After leaving Louisa's, he went to Concha's mother. If anything happened to him on this trip, he wanted her to understand something of his plans both for Concha and for his sons. Briefly he told her of his financial position, the safeguards he had taken for his family's future.

"Why do you tell me this now?" she asked.

"Something may happen—"

She rose, signifying the conversation was over.

"Would you go to dinner with me?" he asked.

"If you will give me time to dress?"

He sat for an hour in the library of the old house, waiting for her. It was quiet here, and his taut nerves relaxed a little. Danger seemed unreal in the still room.

"May we go to the restaurant Ramón is always talking about?" Mamá asked as they went out.

"Why, certainly." Jim was a little surprised at her request. The café's ultra-sophistication and smartness, he thought, would not be pleasing to her, nor would she wish her family to go there. Intrigue both personal and political made the café its meeting place.

Few people were dining when they arrived, but by the time they had finished dinner the place was full. Jim looked at his watch, fearful that he had overstayed and Nacho would be waiting.

"We had better stay another hour," Mamá said quietly.

"How extraordinary to find you two here!" It was Louisa's voice, and looking up he saw that she, Ramón, and their German friend, von Brenen, were standing by the table.

"Mamá! You are very handsome in that outfit." Louisa looked with approval at her mother's close-fitting black dress, relieved by pearl necklace and earrings.

"And you, Louisa, are very beautiful. But the scene does not suit you." Her mother's voice was very low and stern.

"I think it does," said Ramón. His eyes appraised his young wife.

As they turned to go Jim caught a glimpse of Ramón's eyes leveled on him under half-lowered lids. They held a venomous hatred. I suppose, thought Jim, he has always hated me. How odd that I should not have realized it until now.

When he took Mamá home, she insisted that he come in. "I do not believe you have been in our chapel since your wedding," she said. "I have a desire to see it with you tonight." They stood silent for a few moments inside.

Only the light before the altar illumined the darkness.

"There is a little door at the side," she said. "I'm going to let you out there." So she did know their plans! The knowledge brought a sense of strength and comfort to him.

But despite it, once he was outside he felt nervous. Was he being followed? Nonsense, he told himself. No one knows that door out of the Navarro mansion but the family. It is to be assumed I am spending the night with my relatives. That is why Mamá wanted to go to the restaurant, so Ramón's crowd would see us. However, better not take a public conveyance. He would walk to the hotel

by a roundabout route, get his bag, and join Nacho at the agreed meeting place.

Just before dawn Jim's car slid along the great new highway. Nacho was riding with him to give him the last details he wanted him to know.

"I shall leave you at the next town and take the train back. I am convinced no one is following us any longer," said Ignacio, finally.

"Has there been?"

"As we left the city I thought so. We shook them off when we stopped for breakfast."

They heard the sound of an explosion not far away. "Somebody's up early," Jim remarked. "That was a small charge of dynamite going off, wasn't it? Working on the road probably."

He slowed the car as they rounded the next curve. "Nothing—I guess the way's clear." The car began to pick up speed on the clear stretch ahead. Then the road swung out where a rocky promontory forced it to hang over the valley far below, then cut back and out again. Skillfully Jim maneuvered the last abrupt turn. Halfway around he saw rock and rubble falling in an avalanche, blocking the way. "Jump, Nacho!" he cried, jamming on his brakes. . . .

Hours later, Ramón, nervously pacing his room, waiting for word, heard the telephone ring. Then he heard Louisa's light step running along the hall. She threw open the door. Her face was white, and she was wringing her hands. "Nacho—Jim!" she gasped.

"Nacho! What do you mean?" he cried, and he took her roughly by the shoulder. "You told me the servant brought word that Jim left your mother's house alone last evening."

"What has that to do with the accident?" Louisa backed away from him, her eyes large and frightened. . . .

And at the hacienda Concha waited.

Towards evening on the second day a car drove the length of the village street, stopped at the gate of the hacienda, passed in. With a cry of joy Concha hurried down to meet it. Mamá was sitting alone in the seat behind the chauffeur.

"Mamá," she cried, flinging open the car door. "How lovely to have you while—" Then she saw her mother's face and the words froze on her lips. She brushed her hand across her eyes, gave a long, low moan.

Jim had been instantly killed, Mamá told her. His last thought had been to save Nacho. They had buried Jim in the near-by town at sundown in order to comply with the law that burial must take place within twenty-four hours after death. They could not reach Concha in time, as word of the accident had not come to them until late afternoon. Mamá had gone up from Mexico City for the burial and to bring Nacho back. There were long weeks of suffering ahead of him, for his back had been injured.

IT was all Concha could do through the summer to hold the villagers from joining the Sinarquistas.

One day Guadalupe said to her, "It was Señor Buchanan's idea to put the sugar mill into condition this year and run it as a co-operative undertaking. If they begin new work, they will forget the violence existing all around them."

It took hours of conference before the idea was made acceptable to the village. In the end it was Tito who swung Fidel over. Fidel loved the little *patron* who strode so proudly over to the mill with him, explaining earnestly that this work was to be a surprise for his father on his return. Tito allowed no one to tell him his father was dead. "My father will come back when he is ready," he insisted.

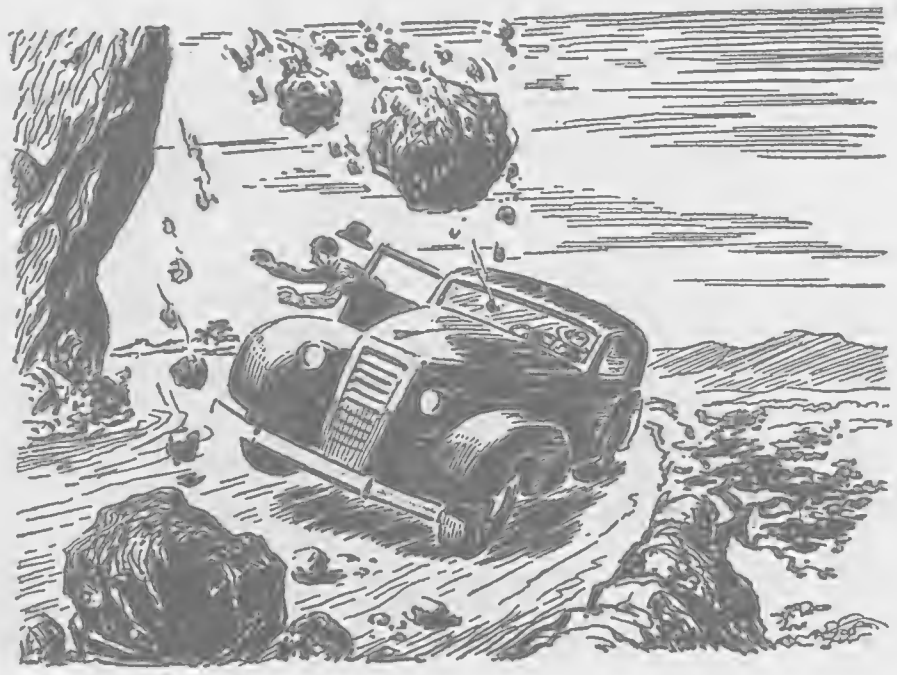
Each night he waited at the gate of the hacienda for him. One evening as he came back after his vigil, he was very angry, and he slapped his brother, Palito. "Cease your babble!" he shouted. "Our mother is tired, and I am tired. We need our father, and I am the only one to watch for him when he comes." Then he turned and went out of the room.

Later, when she searched for him to put him to bed, Concha could not find him. Going to the gate she saw him making his way down the village street, a small bundle under his arm. He looked very lonely in the half dusk of evening. He was growing tall and thin, and his shoulders drooped a little.

Suddenly Concha realized how much Tito needed something she could not give him until she surrendered her own sorrow. She would linger no longer at the hacienda. She would go up to the city, leave the care of the village to Guadalupe, prepare for the birth of her third child. Mamá would help her with the children for a while.

"You must manage somehow," she told Guadalupe as they were leaving.

Much as she dreaded seeing Nacho, she went at once to



the hospital. When he looked up at her, he reached for her hand, pulled her down on the bed beside him. "If I'd only been the one!"

Concha cried with an abandonment that frightened him. "You mustn't cry like that, Concha. Please, please."

"Let me," she managed to say. "It is the first time." But gradually her sobs ceased. "Nacho, please get well. Go on with what you and Jim started. That is why you were saved. A miracle!"

During Ignacio's long convalescence Pablo had come daily to sit for hours by his bed, silently helping him in his struggle, showing deep affection. The day after the election he came as usual.

"Well," he said, "what Cardenas has done among the people in the last six years is bearing fruit. We've elected our President, and he's for a Pan-America. But in Madrid the Spanish World Axis has announced: 'One race, one language, one culture, one religion below the Rio Grande.' The Sinarquistas are its tool. And Hitler has overrun France. Do you fight with us, Nacho? If you don't you're against us."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Get well first. Then accept a mission to the States for the government. Go as the others go, on a salary. Give up this working only when it suits your convenience."

Ignacio hesitated. "I'll do it," he said at last.

Pablo walked out of the room before Ignacio could change his mind. The streets were full of people celebrating the election. As always in Mexico, a medley of music drifted down from open windows. Someone was singing "Ave Maria," and someone was singing a version of the song of the Revolution:

> "In our democracy,
> Now that the peacock has shed his tail,
> Every little animal has his say on Election Day."

Pablo turned the corner into his own street. He and Nacho were truly brothers.

That evening Berta Mendoza paused at the door of Ignacio's room. So many times she had come to help him through the black hours of the night, sometimes to find him sunk in discouragement, sometimes given over to cynicism. Softly she turned the knob.

"Come in, come in, Berta! Don't treat me like a sick person. I'm getting up tomorrow." Ignacio's voice had a

new note in it. "I'm going to the States, Berta, as soon as I am well. I've taken a position with the government."

"Nachito!" Berta felt as if wings carried her across the room. "And for how long will you be gone?"

"Berta, you are a fraud. You don't want me to go after all." His black Spanish eyes were full of laughter.

"When do you come back?"

"When I come, I shall marry you."

CONCHA was sitting up for the first time since her baby's birth. She looked very beautiful, Louisa thought as she entered the room.

The nurse was just lifting the baby girl from Concha's arms. There was a light in her eyes that erased the ravages of her sickness. "I have named her after her father, she said. "Jim told me in the South of his country they often name girls after their fathers. When he was little, they called him Jeemie—" She lengthened out the "e"—"Jeemie. Yes, it shall be Jeemie."

"It will be a long time before you are well," Louisa began, "and I have come with Ramón's desire and my own to lighten your burdens. We thought if we educated Tito— Let us have him, and we will educate him as a gentleman should be. He's too strong-willed for you to manage alone. Ramón will be a father to him."

Concha shook her head.

The next day Louisa came with a new proposal. "When you go back to the hacienda—you *are* going back to the hacienda, aren't you?—let Tito stay with us until his school closes."

I must hurry and get well and take my children home, thought Concha. Aloud she said, "I think it is better for Tito to go back with me. Guadalupe can teach him until he is older."

Ramón had come into the room unnoticed. Now he spoke. "You remind me of your father, Concha. You will remember he did not accept my offer. It was a pity. I could have helped him. Perhaps it would be wise to listen to me about Tito." Ramón's tone was soft, even solicitous.

Louisa, standing by the window, heard the silken voice she knew so well, used so often to make her do his ugly bidding. Because she had not been able to give him a son, in a thousand ways he had inflicted humiliation on her.

She turned sharply, walked over to him and stroked the sleeve of his coat. "So Ramón would atone to Concha for Jim's death," she said in a voice as silken as his.

Ramón threw off her hand, but his words were still smooth. "Louisa has always felt we should have warned Jim when he told us about his trip to the States," he explained.

"You mean I should have warned Jim against you. But there is no need, my husband, to tire Concha with my regrets. Tell her now that you did not mean to take Tito from her. Or—" Again her hand stroked his sleeve.

"Be still!" commanded Ramón. "You don't know what you are talking about, Louisa. It is better, as you say, that Concha should keep Tito. You are too overwrought a woman to take care of a child."

"Just as you say," said Louisa, and with her light tinkling laugh she turned and went out of the room.

Ramón stood looking at Concha. He could see she loathed him.

"Concha, it's all a mistake. I—"

"Please go," cried Concha.

When the door closed behind him, Concha sat motionless. Ramón had had something to do with Jim's death. Somehow Louisa knew it. What might he still do to hurt her, to hurt the children? Ramón, overfat, flabby-jowled, as venomous-looking as a snake. Somehow he'd find a way.

The door opened, and Mamá came in with Tito and Palito. Looking into Mamá's calm eyes, Concha grew calm herself.

IT was Christmas Eve when Concha returned home. To the last child, the villagers welcomed them. As dusk fell men and women and children entered the church.

Over at the school Concha and Guadalupe prepared the traditional swinging jar of toys, hidden this year under the skirts of a beautiful Spanish doll. From the church the villagers trooped to the school. There was laughter and fun when the blindfolded children tried to break the jar. It was Tito who finally succeeded.

On New Year's Day Concha and her three children were gathered on the gallery overlooking the fountain. A car rolled up the drive. It was Ignacio.

"I've come to tell you my great news, Concha," he called as he got out. "Next week I leave for the States."

"For long?" asked Concha.

"It may be a year, maybe two. I'm going as a part of a mission to bring about understanding with the States. I shall work hard . . . and," he added, "for the first time earn my own living. It's a stimulating idea."

Concha, looking at her brother, saw that his long years of indecision and doubt had come to an end.

Tito, a little angry that his uncle whom he admired had not noticed him, claimed attention.

"It's my father's country. Father told me I must go there, so will you take me with you?"

Concha swept his small body close against her. "Not now, my little one. I will take you when you are old enough."

On the day of Ignacio's return, two years later, Tito went down the road to meet the car and Palito took the baby to stand at the gate with him. Palito was old for his four years, with the gravity and sense of responsibility which many Mexican children have, and he was very gentle. Concha came often from the hacienda office to catch the first distant throb of a motor engine and as often went back to her work.

THE years since Jim's death had been fruitful years. The co-operative effort had prospered. Most of Jim's plans she had been able to carry out. But they had been hard, lonely years.

There was the sound of the car! Then a halt to take in Tito and a second one at the gate to pick up the other children. The car swept up the drive. Tito, now a tall, slender boy of ten, tumbled out first. "Mamá, Mamá," he cried. "He is here! Look, he is a *Norte Americano* like Father!"

"Not a Mexican any longer, then?" Concha's eyes looked deep into Nacho's.

"Very much one. More than I have ever been before. I'll tell you all about it, but first let me give the children what I brought them." There were watches for Tito and Palito, their names engraved on the back, and a set of toy ducks for Jeemie to float in her bath.

"May we go and show Guadalupe?" cried Tito.

"Concha, let us sit down and talk," said Ignacio when the children had gone. "At last the things Jim and I sought to accomplish are coming to pass." He leaned forward. "I have something more to tell you. Only Mamá knows it. I am to be married soon."

"To Berta?"

"Yes."

Ignacio's heart smote him. How alone Concha seemed! And so young, not quite thirty. "Let us make one big family again. You know it's the Mexican way," he pleaded. "Surely you're not always going to stay here alone."

"And the hacienda?"

"Let it go. The city is where this nation is being shaped."

Concha shook her head. "Palito definitely belongs here on the land. Tito maybe belongs to the city or to the United States. He will have to decide when he comes of age. But first I want to understand my husband's country. I want to go and see it, take Tito with me, if you and Berta will take the two little ones while I am away. That, too, is Mexican," she added, smiling. "And, Nacho, while I am gone for a few months, will you live here?"

Ignacio hesitated.

"Marry now, Nacho, and bring Berta here. Begin your life together close to the land. Please, Nacho. Not one more village must join the Sinarquistas. You must hold things here until I return. We cannot ask Guadalupe to stay longer. He and Soledad have been parted long enough. They wish to go to the new land the government has opened up and start their life together again."

"Yes. For you I will do it, Concha." And then he added, "I speak now the truth. When I was away I knew this land we have owned so long was my mother."

THE END

Purple 359 3/9/46

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

JAMES MARSHALL'S Santa Fe, The Railroad that Built an Empire, is the thrilling and heroic account of the laying of a great iron trail across the continent.

It was in 1868 that Colonel Holliday, the Santa Fe's first president, made a speech that "in fancy took his railroad out of Topeka, across the prairies to Santa Fe to the west, to Kansas City to the east." At that time the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe had been built all of a dozen miles out of Topeka. But, "'Those present would live,' continued the Colonel, 'to see the line head far down into Mexico, and meet the broad Pacific on the Gulf of California . . . and into the Rocky Mountains with their hidden mineral wealth.'"

James Marshall

There were smiles in the audience, but twenty years later the Santa Fe reached the Pacific—twenty years of setbacks, heartbreak, romance, excitement.

It was the Santa Fe that carried settlers to the West: "Moving settlers were always called Zulu, but no one knows why. . . . Brakemen went along, chalking 'Zulu-Jug' or Zulu-No Jug' on the car sides as a guide to the switchman who made up the train."

Some of the passengers carried on the early trains were members of a wild and woolly breed: "Conductor John H. Bender was working his train west of Dodge one evening when he came to a large, rough character named Bill Evans.

"'Ticket, please!'

"'Here's my ticket. Pass on!' growled Bill, drawing a .45.

"Bender said nothing, finished collecting his tickets, went to the baggage car, got a Winchester and came back. He stuck the muzzle of the rifle coldly against Bill's neck; and pulled the cord. The train slowed.

"'You're riding on an expired ticket, Bill,' he said. 'Get off!'

"Bill always bought a ticket after that."

Writing of the Harvey Girls, an integral part of the history of the West, Marshall says, "Waitresses usually married well, many of them becoming brides of Santa Fe engineers, conductors and station agents. . . . There is a Western legend that more than 4,000 babies were christened Fred or Harvey or both, after these marriages."

"In the early 1940's," writes Marshall, "American railroads saved the country from defeat; in the mid '40's they made victory certain. Faced on two fronts by well-prepared, determined and efficient enemies, the United States could not have survived without its network of steel track, its concentration of steam, diesel and electric-motive power, its huge carrying capacity and an army of men and women that could, and did, shuttle men and material swiftly and surely where they were needed, when they were needed."

Published by Random House, N. Y. Price $3.75.

THE LONG NOVEMBER, by **James Benson Nablo,** is the story of Joe Mack, one of the depression's children. In 1929 Joe fell in love with Steffie, and in 1944, in the midst of battle, he still loved her and was still separated from her as he had been through his hopeless years of poverty.

Benson Nablo

This is a grim indictment of the ten years leading to World War II.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

F	A	T			D	R	E	S	S	L	E	R			
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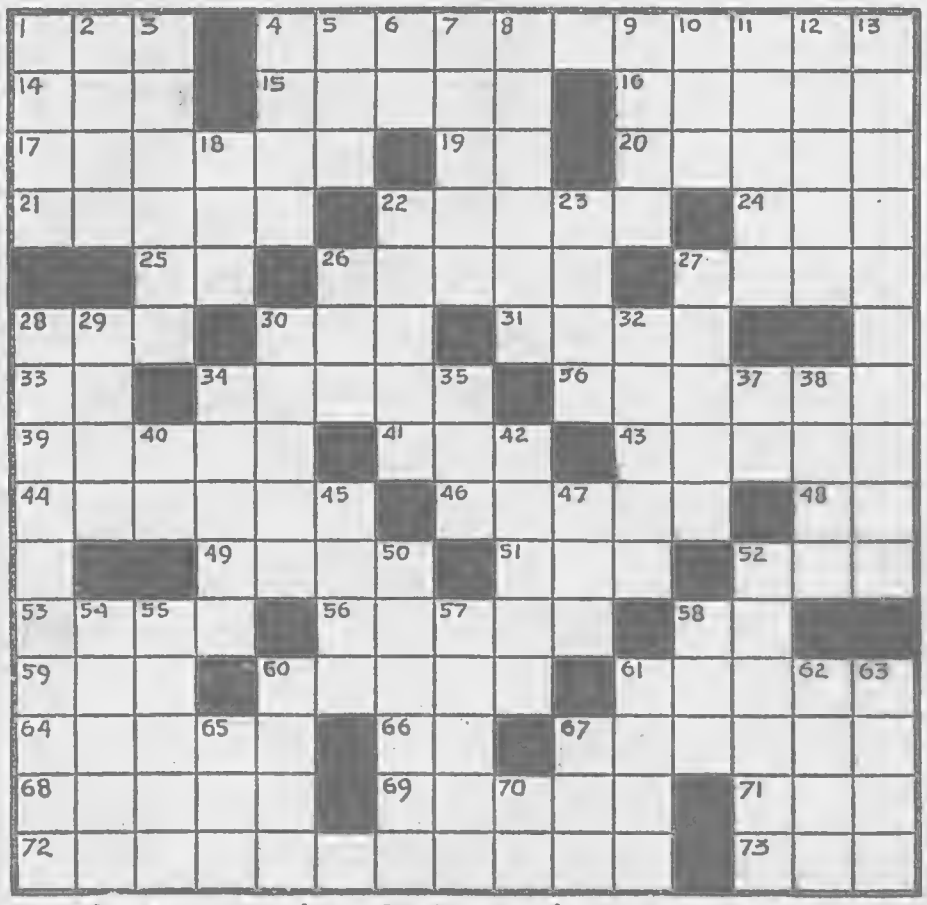
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Uncle Sucker
4 March 21 disease; symptoms: listlessness, laziness, wandering mind (two words)
14 Peaceful fighting organization (abbr.)
15 When hungry, his moth-er tosses him a suit
16 Play Hide the Excess Profits with Mr. Vinson
17 Ice-cold apartments (Know where we can rent one?)
19 What the awed midget cried (abbr.)
20 Where Gramma had a finger in the pie
21 Male irritant
22 Played with the feet, it can cause Bach-ache and ear trouble
24 He could get through the eye of a needle
25 Egyptian hot shot
26 Good to the last drop
27 "2B!" cried Caesar
28 In the got
30 Political campaign material
31 Farmer's hangout
33 Uncle Sucker (abbr.)
34 Male irritants (Cynic!)
36 Least fraught with hazard
39 A darling new spring bonnet for a darling Frenchman
41 Poilern (Brooklynese)
43 The heat's on this right now
44 Artistic twitching
46 Guy Hitler thought he was
48 Two empties
49 Gam blind
51 Highway hurry water
52 Gin Generates Niggling (abbr.)
53 Shet yo' mouf!
56 Here's where you get the bird!
58 Economically destitute river
59 Uninformed National Idiots (abbr.)
60 Appealing dame (You can ring her neck!)
61 Nice fresh spring bloomers (sing.)
64 A bottle, pals, gals —followed by a hangover
66 Ernie Pyle's last resting place
67 Sad Sackish
68 Phony
69 Gold-digger's spring vegetable
71 It's pure Greek to me
72 Bye-bye juices
73 What the folks next door have for breakfast

VERTICAL

1 Old thing he's been seen in for years
2 French angel—with the "l" knocked out of her
3 Meat choppers
4 Nom de plum
5 Watch your step with this one (Fr.)
6 Transcontinental cramway (abbr.)
7 What they used to call ballplayers
8 Married (masc.)
9 Gramma's favorite plant
10 Gal's name
11 They're on the house
12 Places Junior's forever getting too close to
13 In the spring many a senator's thoughts turn to this
18 Mrs. Johnson, the modern Diana
22 What you're getting right now, this very minute
23 Non-UNO delegate from Greece
26 Fe-fi-fo word
27 "An —— never forgets!" cried the enraged fairy
28 Youthful double talk
29 Up the creek
30 Highway Waldorf
32 Tibetycoons
34 Kind of man Taffy was
35 This very instant
37 Europe's Atomized! (abbr.)
38 Fresh air found in London
40 Rum-soaked Louse (abbr.)
42 Estimated standard score
45 Tacks collector
47 Palm Beach coat
50 They prove crime does pay—$3,500 a year
52 He loves life in the rough and beating about in the bush
54 Business man's dictator
55 Fry off the locks
57 To utter sheepish cries
58 Crustiest thing in Vermont
60 Superduperest
61 Places to build a brave new world
62 Your dream car
63 Eagle fork
65 The urgent call of the bar
67 Don't marry one who was a sergeant, bud! (abbr.)
70 State of the Union (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

1 **"After seeing** a hurling match in Ireland," writes a New York friend of Canadian Club, "I understood why Irishmen consider American football an old man's game. The fury of this Irish sport would start riots among a people less endowed with humor—or in a land less gentle.

2 **"Here's a climate** as soft as a lullaby, unspoiled entirely by progress. Here you'll experience an unhurried pace of living that insists on plenty of leeway for passing the time of day.

3 **"Almost everywhere,** I came upon time-softened ruins of castles which date back many centuries. Back to the days when Irishmen fought the Norse for possession of this lush, green land.

4 **"And so easy to visit!** Last summer, I was aboard the Irish 'shore taxi' just 15 hours after our big Pan American Clipper left New York. Today's luxurious Clippers fly it even faster!

5 **"You'll discover** that nothing's too good for Ireland's guests. I happened to mention, for instance, that Canadian Club is my favorite whisky. And presto!—a bottle of this distinctive-tasting whisky appeared at my elbow."

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

• That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

THIS is as good a time as any to dig into our mailbag and air the many veteran gripes, suggestions, and ideas that flow in to this department.

Here are the topics that are always out in front in any tally of Bulletin reader opinion:

Terminal Leave Pay for Enlisted Men. Typical quotes from letters on this lively subject are: "In the service, rank distinction was necessary and acceptable. But now that we're all veterans—all alike—why not give us all an equal start in civilian life?" and, "Most of us have accumulated unused furlough time just like the officers have—so why not pay us off the way officers are paid off?"

Vet Priority on Surplus Gets Him a Lot of Nothing. "We want to be shown that our so-called 'preference' in purchase of surplus material, works. Thus far, it hasn't," and, "Faulty administration and the authorities' not placing enough importance on selling surplus to veterans are causing delays, run-arounds, and sometimes even refusals," sum up vet feeling in the surplus snarl.

A House to Live In. The vets have this to say about housing: "Give us a place we can call home. Sure, during this housing emergency we will take a prefabricated home, or a Quonset hut, or even a trailer. But let's get the federal and state governments and the communities on the ball *right now,* so that in the near future we can move into *real* homes," and, "Keep the OPA, if only to keep those high rents down."

National Service Life Insurance. "If government insurance is so perfect, then why doesn't it provide for an optional lump sum payment to the beneficiary?" many vets ask. Others ask for still more liberal reinstatement provisions—particularly in doing away with the physical examination if the insured allows his policy to lapse for too long a time.

A Chance for a Good, Decent Job. "Fair wages." "Chance to express our military skills," "Chance to make up for time lost in the service," and "Chance for advancement," exemplify veteran wants in the employment field.

State Aids Should Be Available and Publicized. "Why do some states give bonuses while mine doesn't?" and, "Where can I get information on the benefits available in my home state?" are the main inquiries in this large segment of our mail.

A Federal Bonus—Now or Later. "Give us our bonus now. We need it to help us get started in business and life," advocates one group. They outnumber the others who write, "The government has enough financial worries now—so let's put off the bonus until later."

* * *

D. F. Gifford, Chicago, Ill. Loans not exceeding $100 may be made to trainees commencing or undertaking vocational rehabilitation under Public Law 16. The loans are to be repaid, without interest, by deductions from pensions or retirement pay.

* * *

R. A. Reindinger, Plainfield, N. J. The G.I. Bill of Rights states that men discharged *or released* from active service under conditions other than dishonorable are eligible for benefits provided. Therefore you may make application for a loan guaranty while still in the Reserve Corps.

* * *

Mary Vardy, Princeton, N. J. To replace your lost discharge button, present your honorable discharge at any Army post or installation. If

"Give us a home!"

there is none handy, any Army supply store will sell you one for a small sum, upon proof that you are entitled to it.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FAME OVER A WEEKEND

Continued from Page 13

sectors of the United States, is unique in Hollywood. Also unique for the film colony is his confession that practically all the publicity releases about him are founded on a phony biography. For example, when Milland first arrived in this country from England in 1931, a studio press agent arbitrarily decided that his true life story wasn't glamorous enough. The press agent insisted that "When you were twenty, your uncle died and left you ten thousand pounds."

As a result, you can read in movie magazines such pure fiction about Milland as this: "Then he inherited $17,000 from an aunt and embarked on a world tour," or "At this point, when he inherited $45,000, he resigned from the cavalry and eventually took part in a London stage revue." The truth is, of course, that Milland has never inherited a cent.

HE was born in Great Britain—Neath, Glamorganshire, Wales, to be exact—on January 3, 1903, the son of Alfred Jones, a steel construction engineer, and Elizabeth Truscott, daughter in a fairly well-to-do shipping family. The first of four children, he was christened Reginald Truscott-Jones. This was later changed to Jack Millane when his mother remarried, and was finally altered to Ray Milland when he ventured on an acting career. He chose the name Milland because as a boy he played in a district called Mill Lands. His wife and intimates, however, all call him Jack.

Milland learned to speak Welsh long before he learned English and speaks it perfectly, even today. Needless to say, he has been refused all Welshman parts in pictures on the flimsy excuse that he isn't the type. He attended grade school in Neath and then went on to Kings College in Cardiff. An uncle owned a small shipping line in town, and in the office of Pritchard & Truscott, Shippers, he obtained his first job. He later studied architecture, joined the Territorial Cavalry, a military outfit equivalent to our National Guard, and then decided to give up school and join the Army.

Milland wound up at the artillery school. Not long after, he transferred to the King's Household Guard because a friend had written from London that "This is the best job in the Army. We go out with the best girls; we get the best of everything."

Milland, who, like most Welshmen, admires beauty in women, found the invitation irresistible. His qualifications—good physique, good family, two years of university training, excellent rider, crack rifle shot—got him an enlistment as a trooper. His pay of seven pounds a month, he soon discovered, was inadequate to take care of him and the best

girls in London. After five years he quit. But as he had enlisted for twelve years, it cost him £100 to purchase his release. He got the money by canvassing his family.

An actress of his acquaintance suggested he try acting. He signed with British International Pictures to play a bit part at two guineas a day. The contract lasted for a day. His next picture job was as a professional sharpshooter. British Army rifle champion for three years, he found it not too difficult to stand off-scene and shoot mirrors out of an actress' hand. While performing such stunts as these, he learned that Cyril McLaglen, Victor's brother, had diphtheria and couldn't play the lead in The Flying Scotsman, a picture which dealt with the world-famed train. Milland applied for the job and got it. His salary was fifteen pounds a week. This was his first good break.

Then Robert Rubin, an M-G-M producer, spotted him at lunch one afternoon in the Carlton Hotel. He thought Milland had a photogenic face, and asked if he were an actor. Milland modestly admitted he was, and wound up in 1931 with a $150-a-week contract and a first-class trip to New York aboard the S.S. Majestic.

IN Hollywood, Milland was tested by Director Sam Wood, who played him opposite Virginia Bruce. Milland was so bad that no one believed it. Another test was shot, this time with Myrna Loy. He looked like a fifteen-year-old boy. A third and last test was taken with Nora Gregor. This, too, was hopeless. After fifteen months and a few bit parts, Metro let him out.

Back he went to England. There, by working in industrial pictures, he managed to save enough to take another crack at Hollywood. Two days out of Queenstown, his agent—Connie's, Ltd.—cabled an offer of the lead in a British picture to be called This Is the Life. Milland agreed to take the role provided someone would pay his passage back to the States. The agent assented, and Milland started for London eight hours after he landed in New York.

The lure of the Hollywood lucre was too great, however. By 1934 he was back in the cinema capital, starving in the Orange Grove Apartments on Sunset Boulevard, where the rent, when it could be paid, was twenty-five dollars a month. He was so broke he lived on handouts proffered by charitable soda jerkers.

In hunger, Milland sought any type of employment. En route to his apartment after an interview for a filling-station job—he walked because he didn't have bus fare—he was stopped by Joe Egli, a casting director. Egli offered him a role in a picture called Bolero. The job paid $300 a week and was good for two weeks.

After Bolero, Milland was featured in We're Not Dressing, and

"Gee, Dad, you sure need new Sealed Power Rings!"

SMOKE from the exhaust always means oil burning, inefficient combustion, an engine that's growing old too fast. It's a sure sign of worn piston rings. Get your favorite repairman to install new Sealed Power Piston Rings now—restore original power, lengthen engine life, save oil, save gas.

Sealed Power Individually Engineered Ring Sets are selected from twenty-six basic designs of piston rings. Whatever the make, model, and cylinder-wear condition of your engine, there's a Sealed Power Set specifically engineered to do the best possible job in it. Sealed Power Piston Rings have been the choice of major engine builders for 34 years, a record of which Sealed Power workers are extremely proud. For maximum power, say "Sealed Power." Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Piston Rings, Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

KEEP YOUR WAR BONDS! GET $4 FOR $3!

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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN [illegible]

on the strength of his performance in that picture, was signed by Paramount to a term contract. For the next five years he was given an assortment of roles, mostly in B pictures. No one thought much of his ability until, on a loanout to Columbia, he co-starred with Loretta Young in a comedy entitled The Doctor Takes a Wife.

Claudette Colbert, a shrewd judge of actors, saw that picture and was impressed with Milland. She asked for him in Arise, My Love, and he acquitted himself so well that she again requested him for the male lead in Skylark.

AFTER that, Milland's fan mail tripled. He became one of Paramount's biggest box-office attractions. When Cecil B. De Mille was looking for someone to play the lead in Reap the Wild Wind, Milland's name was mentioned. De Mille said he wasn't good enough.

Frank Freeman, studio vice-president, urged De Mille to take a poll of exhibitors to rate the box-office values of the three or four Paramount actors under consideration. De Mille agreed and included Milland's name. The exhibitors' report showed Milland was number one. No man to go counter-clockwise to public taste, De Mille starred Milland. Not long after came the affair of The Lost Weekend.

The Weekend began two years ago, when Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder of Paramount, en route to Chicago, encountered Leland Hayward, their agent, in the club car. Hayward began telling them of a new book "that you two have just got to make into a picture. It's a natural. It's got everything—power, pace, force, drive, excitement.

Brackett and Wilder bought the book, read it, and decided it would make an unusual movie. Wilder wanted José Ferrer, a Shakespearean actor he had seen in Othello, for the lead. Buddy De Sylva, Paramount production chief, told him to use Milland. Wilder was unimpressed with Milland. Brackett's counsel was sought. He persuaded Wilder that Milland "would be perfect." And he was, too.

People who have known Milland for years, such as his wife and the Fred MacMurrays and Claudette Colbert, find his personality hard to describe. His wife, the former Muriel Webber, a tall, blue-eyed, white-haired, beautiful woman, says he's inconsistent. His friends say he is moody.

Like his professional life, his private life has consisted of violent ups and downs. Twice in the past ten years he has separated from his wife, but frankly admits these separations were his own fault. He is not easy to live with.

Milland's personality includes a good streak of wit. For example, when he was in the Solomons two years ago on a U.S.O. tour, one soldier jumped up during his act and shouted, "Why aren't you in the Army, you bum?" Milland cracked back: "With a war on? Are you crazy?"

The soldiers howled.

To the average movie fan he appears to be a pleasant, carefree bon vivant, a smiling charmer who has a way with the women and a warm feeling for the men. But he's no back-slapper or good-time Charley.

As Paramount's top dramatic star, Milland is six feet one and one-half inches and weighs 190 pounds. His dark hair is rapidly graying at the temples. He has blue-gray eyes, a heavy lower lip, and an amazingly unlined face.

Off the screen he looks fuller and taller than on, and in carriage, appearance, and demeanor he looks more like a British career diplomat than an actor. Primarily an intellectual, he is more informed, versatile, and better read than the average movie star. His knowledge of astronomical physics, for example, is encyclopedic, and his fund of general information so catholic that on an Information, Please program, he correctly answered sixteen questions out of a total of twenty which were asked. His knowledge of contemporary art is probably second in Hollywood only to Edward G. Robinson's, and, like Robinson's, his house is decorated with many originals by Thomas Hart Benton, Reginald Marsh, and the Albright twins.

Herbert Bayard Swope, one-time editor of the New York World, and a man who knows a good deal about nearly everything, indulges in quizzes with Milland when the actor visits New York. They walk down to Union Square on these occasions and ask each other such questions as What is a cubit? What was Woodrow Wilson's first name? etc.

Milland earns approximately $300,000 a year, $240,000 from Paramount and $60,000 from radio, and after tax deductions manages to retain about $35,000, which is just about enough to cover the upkeep of his ten-room English Tudor stone house, his two cars, a trip or two to Alta, Utah, for the skiing, and his family's ordinary day-to-day living. All the excess funds go for the purchase of government bonds or blue-chip stocks.

HE has lost his British accent and few movie fans consider him a Britisher. He is a great favorite of the bobby-sox crowd. At a recent birthday party for his son, two fourteen-year-old girls appeared and asked Mrs. Milland if they might use her phone. The girls scribbled on the phone pad, "I love you, Ray."

To the public he's a handsome, sensitive, likable actor who conclusively proved in The Lost Weekend that he has what it takes. The moviegoers expect that from here on in, Milland will be given the choicest roles at Paramount.

In the picture business, the public is always right.

THE END

TODAY COULD BE OUT OF THIS WORLD

Continued from Page 25

"But I thought you liked Pee Wee," Pat protested.

"Sure. Who doesn't? But variety is still the old you-know-what."

Linda stopped Jean at the door. "If you aren't going steady, I can get you a date tonight. He's an older man, and he's got wandering hands, but *you* could handle him."

Jean liked the sound of that. "He isn't too awful-awful, is he, Linda?"

"Oh, no. He's cute. Sophisticated-looking as the devil. He's twenty-two."

Jean nodded. "It's a deal."

"We'll meet you at the session," Linda promised.

Jean didn't really hear anything beyond the words, "but *you* could handle him."

"SET the table, Jean," her mother said when Jean got home. "How was the meeting?"

"Oh, just the usual stand-up and knock-down."

"What did they tell you?"

"Oh, not much. Pat said she thought I had a beautiful soul."

"For goodness' sakes! What else did you talk about?"

"World peace."

Her mother looked at her with irritation. "You don't *have* to tell me things, Jean."

That was the way. They *had* talked about world peace, and what they'd said had made Jean feel good—as if she were part of the larger world. Parents couldn't believe you talked about things like that of your own accord.

She finished the table and wandered into the living room where her dad was just a pair of legs and a newspaper. She sat beside him. "What's the latest from Tokyo, dad?"

"Tokyo? What made you ask?" not really listening. "Here. Here's the funnies. Old Hot Shot's off the beam again."

"I didn't want to see the funnies particularly," Jean said stiffly. "What do you think we should do with the atomic bomb, dad?"

Mr. Bantly twinkled at her. "Thinking of collecting an atomic bomb to pin up beside your mirror, chick?"

"No," Jean said quietly. She read about Hot Shot Charley.

It was funny how much of your growing up you had to do away from home.

After the dishes were done, Jean put on her full-skirted white piqué with the bright peasant embroidery. She looked at herself in the full-length mirror on the closet door. She felt better—she had a date tonight with an older man. She rubbed a spot from the toe of her white sandals with her moistened thumb.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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(*Continued from page 50*)

JEAN went by for Pat. About a block from the hall, an assorted cacophony of bells and horns announced that Pee Wee's P-38 had caught up with them.

He kicked a door open. "Hey, Whistle-bait. Going some place?"

"Not if we go in that rig," Jean answered, getting in.

"How about coming with me to the Marble Slab to wet my whistle?" Pee Wee asked. "There might be a good-looker at the brawl."

"I'm supposed to meet somebody."

"An older man," Pat added.

Pee Wee cocked an eyebrow. "Ever since you turned sixteen I knew you were getting too old. This'll save me having to pasture you out while I canter off to greener fields."

But he drove straight to the hall where every Saturday night Mr. Turner provided records of the hot dance tunes, a good floor, soft drinks, and Turner's cupcakes.

BY writing to his daily radio program of jive tunes, you got a membership card in Turner's Hep Cats and could come Saturdays. The teen-agers all belonged and all went, because, while they resented his there-but-for-the-grace-of-me-goes-another-juvenile-delinquent smile, they couldn't look gift sessions like his in the mouth.

Art Jenks was waiting for Pat.

Pee Wee extended a hand dramatically. "Pulleeze! We're only interested in older men!"

Art looked puzzled.

Jean wished the music would start. Music could do things for you. Tunes like Frankie Carle's *Sunrise Serenade* made the feeling inside you touch just a notch higher; sobbing violins could bring tears to your eyes; the majestic chords of Sibelius' *Finlandia* made you ache for greatness. And when Benny Goodman's brasses claxoned for your attention, something inside you began to beat with the music for freedom and wild expression. Music shook out the big things inside you that got all folded away and wrinkled. "Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life."

"I'm a poor man, mum," Pee Wee broke into her reverie, "but if I had a penny, I'd offer it."

Jean looked at him softly. "I was just thinking right now my soul is plenty dusty."

Pee Wee nodded approval. "Now that's a remark to catch an older man's attention."

The music wailed its sudden invitation. Everybody hit the floor at the same time. Time was awastin'.

Pee Wee stood, hands in pockets.

"Boy, old Tommy Dorsey is really knocking himself out on that one," Pee Wee said, as if to himself.

"I could use up a pair of shoes on that one," Jean admitted.

"With an older man."

Jean giggled nervously. "Shucks, I'd even dance it with you."

Pee Wee registered astonishment. "Well, now, that's mighty nice of an old bag like you. Mighty nice."

They found a spot on the floor and their feet started twisting in the groove, their hips and shoulders jerking in unison. They broke, twirled, came together again. The heaviness inside Jean evaporated.

"There she is!" Linda's voice whipped out to them. "Jean! I want you to meet somebody."

"Will you excuse me, Pee Wee?"

"Excuse you? You tell Gramps if he wants somebody to hold his cane, I'm his man."

"Jean, this is Ralph."

The minute Jean looked at Ralph she felt a sort of singing. He looked like—like all the people you fell for. Like Pat's older brother who was a pilot, and the young English teacher, and Van Johnson. Of course he didn't really. He was tall and dark, and his eyes had a quick way of darting around, but he looked that age.

Her mouth felt full of cotton when she said "Hello," but things would be better when they danced.

His quick eyes looked her over as he took her arm. "We'll get along."

But dancing didn't help. In the first place, she wasn't used to this cheek-to-cheek stuff. He was holding her so close, it felt indecent.

RALPH looked the room over while Mr. Turner was giving the platter the flip-over.

"Boy, this *is* strictly for the underage," Ralph told her. "Know any good hot spots? We might look in on a few."

Jean started to say she'd never been to any, but, after all, she *knew* some, didn't she? She was fairly tall; she could pass for eighteen. "There's the Club Morocco and the Cow Shed."

"Let's go places after this dance."

"Maybe Linda and your friend have some place they like to go."

"Oh, Bob and Linda didn't stay. Linda just borrowed a card for me and brought me in. I've got my car."

Jean considered slowly. "I don't know. . . . If Linda were going . . ."

The phonograph started needling out Woody Herman's Apple Honey, and the cats really started to climb. No matter which way Jean and Ralph moved, or if they didn't, they got slammed into. Ralph grabbed Jean's hand and started to pull her off the floor, only to have someone whirl between them. Somebody's toe hooked around Ralph's ankle and down he went. Jean got to him as he got up, wiping blood from his tongue. "Bit my tongue," he said thickly.

He looked burned, so Jean tried not to giggle. "You'd better get a drink."

While she waited, Pee Wee and Pat danced to the edge of the floor. Pee Wee clucked sympathetically. "Poor Gramps! Get twisted up in his cane?"

"Tripped on his beard," Jean snapped.

"Well, come on. If I can't twirl two cats at once, I'll join Gramps."

It was fun again. *This* was dancing—not just shuffling to music. Pee Wee twirled first Pat, then Jean. He stayed facing them, his feet, hips, and shoulders making rhythm. When it was done, he asked Jean, "Old Senile Dementia taking you home?"

"We're going some place less juvenile. Maybe the Cow Shed."

"Who're you trying to kid?"

"Listen, Pee Wee. If you think, just because—"

"Don't race your motor, Whistlebait. Thought I'd offer the P-38, but if Gramps has his spring wagon, I bow out." He walked away.

OUTSIDE, Ralph was waiting in a black convertible with a tan top and chrome disks on red wheels. Jean settled back onto the red leather cushions luxuriously. Like in the movies.

Ralph offered her a cigarette.

She smiled. "No, thanks." After all, the stars wouldn't fall if she did go to the Cow Shed.

Ralph was looking at her. "You didn't really want to go to a hot spot, did you? How about putting the top down and driving out some place where we can talk?"

"That would be swell," Jean said with relief. He'd understood her reluctance. She liked him for that.

He put the top down, and they started out, the wind whipping her hair and cooling her face. He parked on a point in the foothills. "I thought you'd enjoy the view from here."

Jean nodded. The plains spread vast and dark below, the lights a handful of diamonds thrown onto black velvet. The things Jean had always wanted to say were welling up in her, about to grow into words, as if that soul Pat had mentioned was stirring.

Suddenly Ralph's head blotted out the view, his arms went around her and his lips sought hers.

Jean started a surprised resistance. But it was nice of him to want to kiss her. She slipped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. But he didn't release her for so long that she forgot the kissing in a healthy urge for air. She struggled free.

"How about a cig now?" She was clever to have thought of it. He lit two and put one between her lips. Linda had been right. She *could* handle him.

"Tell me about you," she said.

"I'd rather talk about you. Where'd you get those big green eyes?"

"Swiped them from a cat," Jean acknowledged. "Do you work in Englewood?"

Ralph flipped his new-lit cigarette into the night. His mouth sought hers again. "My business is right here."

Jean laid her right hand along the car door so as to keep her cigarette out of the way. This kiss was rougher. She pushed against his hand on her knee. He was strong. How could she manage him if he didn't give her a chance to say anything?

She felt cheated. This wasn't being part of a grown-up world. This was kid stuff—doing what you didn't want to because someone forced you to. She twisted her mouth free.

Ralph grinned, his nose close to hers. "Relax, sugar. What you scared of?"

"I'm not scared. I'm afraid I'll burn you with my cig."

"Toss it out," he whispered. He edged closer.

Jean felt smothered. "It's late. I've got to get home. Now."

"You said you wanted to talk," he reminded her. "Be nice. You'll get home sooner." He stopped her mouth with his own.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

CHAT-TALK-QUA: Where conversation reigns supreme.

RESIDANCE: Arthur Murray's home.

BARE-REL: To go home in when you're naked.

I-EARN: A steelworker's wage.

GA-LUSHES: Boozers' boots.

MAY-DEN: The Queen of Spring.

COLLIE FLOWER: Lassie's favorite vegetable.

MASSEURCHUSETTS: A Cape Cod muscle manipulator.

TRAISLE: Path through a courtroom.

MERE-ACLE: Just an ordinary phenomenon.

A surge of trapped fury flooded Jean. She wasn't afraid of what might happen. She was only revolted by what was happening. She remembered the lighted cigarette, and pressed it against his hand. She could hear the hair singe, smell the burning skin.

"You little—" Ralph grabbed her hand, took the cigarette and threw it out. "I'll teach you to lead me on and then get tough."

Jean was fighting now in the short freedom the burn had won her. "I didn't lead you on," she said between clenched teeth.

"Oh, didn't you?" He pinned both her hands behind her. His grasp on her wrist hurt.

"Stop it!" Jean screamed, but she wasn't aware of screaming. She didn't hear someone running up the road. All at once the door on her side of the car was jerked open and she almost fell into the road.

Ralph sat up and Jean turned around. There stood Pee Wee in his dirty cords and yellow T shirt, a monkey wrench in his hand, his blue eyes blazing under his yellow hair.

He pulled Jean from the car. "I'm taking over from here." His voice trembled with anger.

Ralph licked the burn on his hand, shrugged his shoulders. "O.K. by me, pal. Maybe *you* can thaw her out." He turned on the ignition as Pee Wee kicked the door shut, and then turned to Jean and sneered, "What were you so scared of? You're no Betty Grable."

The convertible spun off in a squeal of protesting gears and spinning tires.

Jean stared after him, mute with hatred and fury. Then she turned to Pee Wee. "Hi." Her voice was shaky too.

Pee Wee didn't answer. He dragged her toward the P-38, his chin still jutting in anger.

Jean flounced onto the spring-sprung cushions. "It seems there was a little life in the old boy yet," she offered. Then, because she couldn't help it, she started to sob. Pee Wee's face softened. He put an arm around her and held her.

"And I couldn't handle him, Pee Wee. I couldn't. I'm so glad you came."

"Don't be a drip-nose," Pee Wee said gruffly. "You do all right in defense work. I just followed you because I was jealous."

Jean wiped her tears with the backs of her fingers. "You're sweet, Pee Wee."

"Boy, is it gettin' deep in here!"

Jean laughed and slipped her arms around his neck. "Thanks, Pee Wee." This was what a kiss should be. Something you gave to someone you liked. Pee Wee's hands wandered a little too, but it wasn't sticky, some way. She didn't miss the view when his head blotted it out.

The moon came up and they watched it spread its rim over the flat horizon.

"Do you worry about things, Pee Wee?"

"Sometimes."

"What sort of things?"

Pee Wee glanced at her. "Well, I worry about a job. I've still got five years in school, but it looks like it'll be tough going. I probably won't get a chance at the Army now, and the veterans will get the breaks. That's the way it should be, only—"

Jean snuggled closer. "It'll work out, Pee Wee."

"Sure, but you asked me. What do you worry about, Whistle-bait?"

Jean turned the class ring on Pee Wee's finger thoughtfully. "I wonder about growing up. It looks so wonderful, having a career or getting married—I don't think a girl has to get married to be happy, do you, Pee Wee?"

Pee Wee grinned. "As one girl to another, no."

"But then I wonder. Grown-ups don't seem to have much fun, Pee Wee. Gee, they can make up their own minds about things—they don't *have* to be such sad sacks."

"Some aren't."

"Just a few. Pee Wee, did you ever notice how, the older they get, the more they watch their feet when they walk? They only notice the weather if it makes the walks wet or slippery."

Pee Wee tightened his arm around her and bent his head to hers. "Is that all you worry about, Whistle-bait?"

"I'm not going to get like that, Pee Wee. I'm *not*." Then she laughed a little. It was wonderful, talking about things. It made her feel warm and good.

She kissed Pee Wee again and then she fell asleep.

LATER, back in Englewood, Mrs. Bantly roused her husband. "Robert! It's past one, and Jean isn't home."

Mr. Bently blinked and sat up.

"Robert, I called Pat, and she said Jean left the dance with an older boy that Linda brought. I called Linda, but she doesn't know anything about them. Imagine! Linda's home and Jean's still out!"

"Jean's O.K." But he got up and put on his slippers. He paced the floor, lit cigarettes and ground them out. "Now, hon, Jean's all right."

Mrs. Bantly wiped her eyes. "You don't even believe that yourself. Robert, you've got to help me with Jean. I'm worried."

"You mean—because she's late tonight?"

"No. Robert, Jean won't tell me things any more. She doesn't want me to read her mail or listen when she's on the phone—but it's all such innocent stuff, Robert. I can't understand her."

Mr. Bantly rubbed his forehead. "I don't know. I never told my folks much when I was Jean's age. Maybe keeping secrets makes her feel grown up. I remember how I always hated my folks poking at me with questions."

"If I never asked questions, she'd never tell me anything." She looked out the window at the black night that concealed Jean. "Just silly things, like how she feels when she wakes up in the morning. . . . Robert, if she gets home safe tonight, and I don't ask her a single question, do you think it will make her want to tell me about it?"

"Won't hurt to try."

"I'm going to." Mrs. Bantly walked to the window. "Jeannie! Jeannie, baby, where are you? Oh, Robert, how can we make her safe?"

Mr. Bantly put his arm around her. "Grandma always said she brought her kids up to have what sense she could give 'em, and then when she had to turn 'em loose to depend on that sense, she tried to remember they were God's children too, and maybe now He'd take a hand. Make

me a little coffee, will you, hon?"

Out on the point, Jean woke suddenly. "Pee Wee! Look at the moon! It's straight up! We've slept for hours. I was supposed to be home at eleven. Oh, Pee Wee, hurry!"

"What can I tell mother and dad?"

"Can't tell 'em what happened, huh?"

"Oh, no. They're swell, but—Oh, they'd be all sweet and concerned tonight, but sometime if I wanted to have a blind date, or date somebody older, or go driving with you—maybe mother'd even make it an excuse to keep me home from the sessions."

"Anything you say may be used against you, eh?"

"That sounds terrible, but it's a little like that."

It was after two when the P-38 rattled to a stop outside the Bantlys' and Jean jumped out. A lean kitten wobbled out to them meowing hopefully.

"Look, Pee Wee. Somebody's kitten." Jean picked it up.

Pee Wee eyed the kitten as it purred, cradled in Jean's arms. "You'd look sweet with a baby in your arms."

Jean flushed with pleasure.

"Yeah. A baby pig. So long, sugar. See you in the bowl."

Jean stared after the P-38. Pee Wee always put a stinger on his compliments so he could say them without embarrassing himself.

SHE went into the house.

Mrs. Bantly gasped: "Jean! What —where—" She stopped. "We're glad you're home, Jean. We've been worried."

"I know. I'm sorry. When I saw it was late, we hurried as fast as we could. . . . Mom, look at the kitten I found on the lawn. Can I feed him and keep him on the back porch until morning?"

Mrs. Bantly struggled for words. "One minute you stay out until after two, and the next you drag in stray cats like a six-year-old. I—" She sent a pleading glance at her husband.

"Guess he can't hurt anything on the porch."

"I'll get him some milk." Jean flew to the refuge of the kitchen.

When she went back, she said carefully, "I put him on that old sweater. I'm sorry I was so late. We went riding and we fell asleep. I won't let it happen again."

Mrs. Bantly waited. Then she said, "Knowing you're all right, that's the main thing, I guess. You'd better get to bed."

Mrs. Bantly looked at her husband when they heard Jean walking around in her room above. "She didn't tell us a thing, Robert. Not a thing. 'We went riding. We fell asleep'!"

Jean wondered too as she got ready for bed. They hadn't asked her a thing. They'd looked so dear—and so worried. She'd love to tell them the whole thing, only they'd be scandalized about Ralph and keep coming back to him, when that was the part of the evening she wanted to forget. The important things were the ones you felt good about—talking to Pee Wee, and the moon.

Ralph. She twisted angrily under the covers, remembering. Why hadn't she told him when he'd been so superior, that she hadn't been afraid?

"I wasn't afraid of you at all," she said to him, revising the scene that lay so irritatingly finished in her memory. "I wasn't a bit. Your technique was just too lousy."

There! She should have said that. That would have really curdled him.

And there was no point in worrying her mother about it. Growing up meant going on learning, without mothers and fathers and teachers standing by to point the moral. Boy, she'd learned all right! She'd learned to take a new man only in a foursome or more, and she knew, now, nobody was going to park just to talk when there was nothing to talk about.

Jeepers, she'd been dumb!

Tomorrow. Mother and dad were probably saving their questions for morning.

She relaxed, flung her arms above her head onto the cool pillow. She wouldn't worry about it now. Tomorrow was another day—only, why, tomorrow was today! Today it might happen, that something wonderful.

As she slept, her lips were curved in an expectant little half-smile.

THE END

SO YOU WANT TO BUILD?

Continued from Page 11

to talk with architects, builders, and developers in your city. In most parts of the country, building has to stay in the paper stage during the winter, but emerges into the bulldozer stage early in the spring. Now is the time for tablecloth planning, and the sooner arrangements are made the better, if you want to move in this year.

Both for the builder and for you the chief troubles are the twin shortages of materials and labor. For you they may mean trouble in finding a builder who hasn't already taken on all he can do this year. They also may mean that you will have difficulty in getting a contractor to guarantee to finish your house by a given date for an agreed price. On a cost-plus contract, the delays will be expensive for you.

If you are a veteran of World War II, and are planning to build a house costing $10,000 or less, you have first claim on certain scarce materials which the government is setting aside for you.

Most materials that go into a house, even down to the lowly nail, are short today and will remain generally so throughout this year. To help the veterans, the government ordered priorities for them on ten

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of the shortest materials: common and face brick, clay sewer pipe, structural tile, gypsum board, gypsum lath, cast-iron soil pipe and fittings, cast-iron radiation, bathtubs, lumber, and millwork. The list may be changed as other materials move to the top of the shortage charts.

The priorities regulation, which was issued by the Civilian Production Administration, WPB's successor, is intended to channel about half of the ten scarcest materials into houses and apartment buildings to be sold at $10,000 or less a family, or to rent for not more than $80 a month. Veterans, including merchant seamen, have the first chance to buy or lease them. The housing demand from veterans is so great that any non-veteran can be sure he will get no chance at the 50 per cent of building materials so set aside, and will have to get his, if at all, out of the remaining half.

A builder who intends to sell or rent under the regulation, or a veteran himself if he wants to do his own building, applies at one of the field offices of the Federal Housing Administration for a rating and a serial number, which he puts on his orders for materials. He must start operations within sixty days. The fact that the FHA handles the ratings does not mean that the financing has to be done through that agency.

New housing built for sale or rent must be offered during construction, and for thirty days after it is finished, only to veterans. If no veteran takes it, civilians have a chance, and at the same terms.

THERE are two restraints on prices. First, the FHA must be satisfied the sale price or rent is reasonable. Second, nobody can resell or rerent at a profit, and on resales and rerents veterans get a thirty-day preference. This control continues during the life of the regulation, which was issued under the War Powers Act. However, if the War Powers Act is not extended beyond next June 30, the regulation will die with it.

President Truman also recommended price ceilings on all housing, both old and new. Whether Congress will pass the necessary legislation is in doubt at this writing. There has been no control on the prices of prewar houses, and they have shot up 100 per cent in some places.

After removal of the $8,000 lid which held down war workers' home prices, the OPA still managed to exert some control over new construction costs. It has been fixing dollar-and-cent prices on basic materials and the principal contractors' services. By spring, home buyers should be able to find out in the OPA district and local offices what things ought to cost.

The veterans' priority regulation will create no new materials, and even a priority will do you no good if there aren't enough bricks in the yard

Over all, there are indeed neither enough bricks nor enough hands to lay them. Some authorities estimate that the building labor supply won't be adequate for another five years.

Shortages of building material have created a black market. An honest contractor, for instance, told by a dealer that an item is completely out, frequently sees a pile of it in the supply yard. He knows somebody is getting it, and at above-ceiling prices. The transactions are in cash, without receipts or proper records, and they're hard to put a finger on, but sometimes the OPA or the Bureau of Internal Revenue catches up with such chiselers.

The only really bright spot in the supply field is money. There's no shortage of capital for home building. If you have a good lot or some savings, and a steady job at a moderately good salary, you'll have little to worry about in financing a new home.

You can borrow through your bank, or a savings and loan association or other lending institution, up to $16,000 to build or buy a home, at not more than 5 per cent, which includes the FHA's fee for insuring the lender against loss. When you buy from a developer he usually arranges the financing for you.

ON a house and lot appraised at $6,000, you need put up as little as 10 per cent, and often the ownership of the lot will serve as this down payment. On the more expensive houses you'll have to put up 20 per cent as down payment. A bill introduced in the Senate would reduce the down payment to 5 per cent on mortgages of $5,000 or less.

The fatherly FHA advises you not to buy a home costing more than two or two and a half times your annual income. In other words, your monthly carrying charges (including payments on principal over the twenty or twenty-five years of the loan) should not be more than a fourth or fifth of your monthly income. Thus a man who takes on a $7,500 house ought to be making at least $3,000 a year.

The FHA appraises your property before it insures your loan, and if its appraisal is much below what the seller asks, then let the buyer beware.

Building costs (labor and materials) are up, according to one government index, by 37 per cent from prewar. In other words, a house that cost $6,000 in 1939 would cost, on the average, $8,220 today, on the assumption that land prices and the builder's profit have only kept pace with the rises in materials and labor. But costs vary so across this wide country that you can't rely on national averages. The only accurate way of finding out is to ask locally what you can get today for how much.

A survey last year by the Urban Land Institute, a private research and planning foundation, showed

that most of the houses projected for the immediate postwar period in the ten cities covered were in the "medium cost" range. But "medium cost" means one thing in Los Angeles and another thing in Chicago. Averaging its ten cities, the Institute hit upon a medium-cost spread from $5,000 to $8,900.

Your postwar house won't vary greatly from the 1940 house across the street, in the opinion of the bankers, builders, real-estate brokers, planning and housing commissioners, and other city officials consulted in the survey. Exterior designs probably won't show radical changes, although more glass will be used. In all parts of the country there is a growing interest in the one-story "ranch type." Garages, attached or separate, will be general.

Indoors, plastics will probably not be used extensively, but efficiency will be the goal in the kitchen, with greater use of electrical and gas equipment. Modern preference is for living rooms that open on rear gardens and terraces. In the low-price range the demand is for two-bedroom houses. The North likes basements, but the South doesn't care.

THE survey brought out one modern consideration: In choosing a site, cock an eye upward and listen. If the site is in line with an air strip at a busy airport not more than a couple of miles away, it's likely to be noisy, with plane headlights flashing across bedroom windows.

Your contractor probably will follow the traditional construction methods. During the war there was a trend toward larger developments; some builders put up bigger groups of houses, and learned something of mass production. But the bulk of home building in 1946 will probably be done by the small builder, as in the past.

One group of builders—the makers of prefabricated houses, of whom there are sixty or seventy in the country—could work right through the winter if the materials were available. The industry has suffered somewhat from imaginative predictions of glass houses, all-steel houses, houses revolving with the sun, and so on. It wants to keep its feet and foundations on the ground, and has learned a lot during the war in putting together temporary war housing for England and for American industrial centers.

Most prefabricators content themselves today with making the shell, and leave to the local builder, who acts as agent, the plumbing, wiring, and papering, and installation of the range and icebox.

A quick survey by the Prefabricated Home Manufacturers' Institute indicates that with plenty of materials the industry could make in 1946 between 140,000 and 200,000 two-bedroom, one-story houses meeting FHA standards, with average dimensions of twenty-four by twenty-eight feet. The average cost would be $6,000, including the plumbing and wiring. Shortages will probably keep actual production far below the 140,000 figure.

You may find a builder in your neighborhood who will take your order for a prefab house and set it up, ready for the furniture and groceries. In a few cases, department stores will sell you the furniture and groceries as well as the house. But the day when all any house hunter has to do is thumb through a catalogue and say, "I want to move into this model by April 30," hasn't yet arrived.

WHAT is your chance of buying a new house of any kind in 1946? The Bureau of Labor Statistics, an authoritative guesser, estimates that privately financed houses and apartments of all types for about 550,000 families will be *started,* but of course many of them will not be finished, this year. An unofficial breakdown indicates that 475,000 will be single-family dwellings, including detached, semidetached (that means two houses with a common wall), and row houses. A small proportion of these will probably be for rent.

One private estimate is that two million families would buy new homes this year if they could get them. Other guesses are that three or four million would like to buy new homes within the next two or three years.

Things should ease gradually by 1950. In that year the BLS thinks private construction will provide homes for more than a million families, in addition to perhaps 60,000 government built. The greatest building boom year, 1925, produced fewer than a million.

Discussing what people need, not what they will probably get, the National Housing Agency says that over the next decade we should build non-farm homes at the average rate of 1,250,000 a year. This, it estimates, would give everybody a place to live, allow for population growth, and get rid of half the substandard housing in the country. Even in 1940, America's collective roof was pretty leaky. A census found one house in seven needed major repairs; and of the others, one in ten lacked even running water and plumbing. And the situation didn't improve during the war.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

According to Glenn Cunningham, former track star, a burly chap left this note pinned to his expensive hat in a restaurant while he made a telephone call: "This hat belongs to a champion fighter," warned the note, "and I'm coming back." When he returned, however, the hat was gone. In its place was the following note: "The hat was taken by a champion runner—and I'm not coming back!"

—Louis Hirsch.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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A RIGHT WOMAN

Continued from Page 29

houses of St. Louis Town, square-roofed stumps through the snow, the way he'd known they'd look. He came to the Balfour rail fence, followed it, and where it turned west he angled off, and there was his cabin. There would be Sally.

He watched the cabin coming to him out of the whiteness. Of a sudden he stopped. That wasn't his cabin. His had been pine-new when he left, and plank don't stay yellow like that and keep smelling new. He started walking. Part of the slat fence was what he'd put up, all right. He kept walking. There was the hickory windlass he'd made, there at the well. He stopped, and made for the nearest neighbor.

Possum-eyed Ma Buskirk poked her nose out at him and said, "Lawssakes-a-mighty—Clabe! Come in!"

A whirl of snow came at them, and Clabe went in. She puckered her mouth around the stem of her clay pipe, looked up at Clabe and said, "Hank's dead."

Clabe said, "How?"

She twisted her skinny old body without moving her feet, spat into the fireplace, untwisted, and said, "Night yore cabin burnt. Hank, he went tearin' out in jest his drawers. Frostbit his innards. Never thawed out."

"When was that?"

"Couple months back. Sally, she was workin' for Will Hawkins, up to the store. Sat'd'y night 'twas. Hank, he figgered it was Injuns fired yore cabin."

"That new cabin over there. Is it —Sally's?"

"Uh-huh." Ma picked up a sliver of shuck, flamed it, and relit her pipe. "Will Hawkins, he hired some men. Rizzed that cabin for Sally in four days. That's young Will, you know. Old Will, he died too. Left young Will with the store to run."

"How long has Sally been working at the store?"

Ma looked sharp at him. "Considerable spell. She's there now."

Clabe said he reckoned he'd walk up there to see her.

THE snow was thinning enough now that Clabe could see the familiar gray stone houses lining Chestnut Street, and he turned into the two-storied frame building that housed Hawkins' Mercantile.

He stood his musket in the gun keg by the door and went to where he saw Will Hawkins weighing up sugar. He had to tell Will who he was.

"Oh, yes—Clabe Roan." Will was keeping his wide-open smile friendly enough. He said, "I suppose you want to see Sal."

Clabe said, "Where is Sally?"

Will jerked his head at a partitioned-off back corner. "Office. Maybe I ought to let you have your wife for the rest of today, huh?"

Clabe went through the crowd and rapped at the office door. Sally opened it, and the lamp that was burning in there made her look like a picture in a big gold frame. "Clabe," she said. "Oh, Clabe—darling! I'm so glad you're home!"

He reckoned she was a mite littler that she used to be, else it was because he hadn't seen anyone her size since he left. She'd sort of changed somehow, too. Well, she was better than a whole danged book full o' pretty pictures, way her hair was so shiny and windin' round her head in them big braids.

She was holding his hand in both of hers, and she said again, "Oh, Clabe—darling!" Then she looked past him again and let go his hand and said, "Clabe—our cabin burned."

"Ma Buskirk told me."

"Will had a new one built for me. Will has been awful good to me."

Clabe said, looking down on her braids. "Well, you knock off work now and come show me what it looks like on the inside."

She glanced back to the office. "I can't come till Will closes—around six. Some settlers' boats came in today, and Will is going to credit-trade them, and I have to fix up his books."

He said, "Well, then I better skin back to the cabin and get a fire goin'. I'll be back here round six," he said. "We can go down and watch the fur boat come in."

She gave him the key to the cabin and went back to her books.

MA BUSKIRK came hurrying over while he was unlocking the cabin, and trotted in ahead of him. She had a pan of corn pone, and she put it on the table and said, "Now eat it while it's warm."

Clabe flinted up the fire already laid in the iron grub stove.

"Will, he had that stove brung down for Sally," Ma said. "He sells 'em in his store."

"Good stove," Clabe said.

"Will, he carted chairs and truck over from his maw's house for Sally. All yore stuff got burnt up. All this is Will's maw's. Sally says the old lady's right nice to live with, too."

"Live with?"

"They wouldn't hear on Sally's stayin' no place but their house while her cabin was gittin' readied."

AFTER Ma was gone, Clabe sat on at the table, listening to the hum of the stove and fingering his tin cup. He wondered how long Sally had lived at Will Hawkins' home. Well, it was neighborly of the old lady to take care of her.

When he got his pelt money he'd pay Will off for the cabin and nail some tables and chairs and stuff together so's his maw could have her truck back. After that, he'd get right to building his blacksmith shop he'd spent this year and a half to earn the money for.

There was an antler gunrack on the kitchen wall right by the door where he'd had one before. He put

up his rifle and unbelted his tomahawk and hung it on one of the spikes, and went into the next room.

It wasn't much like the middle room in the cabin he'd built for Sally. He'd never lived in a cabin fancied up like this one. It wasn't anything like the cabin he'd built.

Well, why would you expect it to be? This is the cabin another man built for her. It's a heap better than what you left her in. She didn't lose nothin' by the fire. Looks like things are changed all round. She's changed too. You saw that, didn't you?

He had to get out of the heat of the kitchen. The firewood stacked at one end of the lean-to was low, and he picked up the ax and went out. He wondered who kept her wood chopped up. Well, she wasn't helpless.

He felt some better when he had a three-day supply stacked in the lean-to. She wouldn't have to chop another sliver—if she had done her own chopping.

He went back in by the stove.

Suppose he did chop her wood for her? What right man wouldn't help a lone woman? She helped him with his store books. What if he did come in for a bite of supper? What kind would she be if she didn't ask him in for a snack?

He let the fire in the grub stove die down and headed for town.

IT wasn't six yet when he got back to the store, but it was locked. Old man Nolan was locking up his saddle shop next door. The street was almost deserted.

"What's everybody locked up for?" Clabe asked.

"Fur boat's in. Everybody's gone to the landin'. Hey—you're Clabe Roan, ain't you? Effen you're lookin' for your woman, she went down to the landin' with Will. He took her in his cutter."

All the town was here, all right. The people were gathered in a knot right where the street bent to the river, and they were strung all along it, clear to the landing. Clabe located the cutter, and pushed through the crowd to get to it.

He was almost to them when a yell and musket clatter started from the crowd at the landing. At the first shot, Will's horse snorted and stood straight up in the shafts. Women screamed, and there were more shots and more yelling to salute the fur boat, and Will's horse reared again, fighting the bit.

Clabe jumped at him and grabbed the bridle as his head came down. He had a flash of Sally standing up in the sleigh to jump, and Will with his arm around her, trying to hold her and handle the horse too. Clabe got the horse's ear and the bit ring with his other hand.

Now the shooting had stopped, and Sally and Will were seated, and he still had his arm around her. Clabe heard him say low, through the uproar, "Sal, you silly girl. You might have got pitched out."

She saw Clabe then. "Oh, Clabe," she called, "I was so scared."

"Get in, Clabe," Will said. "We'll go home."

"Get in, darling. I'll sit on your lap." She started to stand up.

Will held her down beside him. "We can make room." He pulled her over close to him for Clabe to get in.

"I had so much stuff to pack home," Sally told Clabe. "Will was going to fetch me. Then we heard the boat was coming, and he wanted to drive down and watch it land."

AT the cabin, Clabe lifted Sally down. Will got out and blanketed his horse, and they all packed the food truck in.

When they got inside, Will was right quick in taking off his fancy fur mittens and pitching in to help Sally put the stuff on shelves.

"Well," he said when he had everything put up like he wanted it, "I'll be gettin' for home." He said to Clabe, "Glad you got back, Roan." Then to Sally again, "Supper will be right lonesome for me and maw now." He grinned at Clabe. "Got plenty used to havin' her around home."

Sally stepped between Will and the door and put a hand on his chest and said, "Oh, no! You're going to have supper with us."

"Well," he said, "maw'll be expectin'—"

"I've sent her word you won't be home for supper."

Will's grin widened. He shrugged, looking at Clabe. "She bosses me around all the time."

Sally said to Will, "What about our books?"

"Books?"

"Didn't you bring them?"

Will snapped his fingers. "Store books—by jing!" He told Clabe happily he didn't know what he'd do without Sal. He hustled out and brought the books in. "Sal and me's got a passel of figurin' to do," he said.

Through supper Sally and Will talked about goods that were soon to arrive by boat from Pittsburgh. Clabe ate and listened. Once Sally looked over at him, and he thought a little worried look came into the shine of her eyes, but he smiled at her, and it went away.

Clabe kept eating. *It can't mean anything. It's just store talk. It's just what you hear—it ain't hidin' a thing. Just what they talk every day. What could be wrong with talk of calico—and coffee—and dried meat?*

Will helped Sally clear the table, and they spread their store books on it.

"I brought you some Kentucky tobacco from the store a few days ago," Sally told Clabe. "It's in that red can on the top cupboard shelf."

He went to the kitchen and got it, and decided he'd bring in wood and get a fire going in the bedroom. He took a big armload of fireplace lengths in and stacked the wood by

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the fireplace. It was just as he lighted the lamp and put the chimney on that he saw them there at the back of the table.

They were big mittens, fur, fancy-made, and expensive. He held them, one in each hand, and couldn't seem to put them down. He studied how they were shaped to the hands of the man who had worn them—how they were bent like hands, bent for grasping, for reaching out and taking.

He went back to the middle room.

She's got friends, married friends who come to visit her. She likely knows fifty women as would come with their husbands to set an evenin' through. The man could forget his mittens.

They sat close together over the books, the wick lamp in front of them. Will pointed to some particular figures on Sally's book.

Well, what if they are his? He's likely driven her home afore of an evenin'. Who wouldn't offer to drive a woman home when she's got grub truck to pack? Wouldn't you do the same for any woman?

Will stood behind Sally's chair, watching over her shoulder. "Here's your mistake, Sal," he said, and bent over and put his finger on the page. His face was touching her hair. He leaned over farther, reached to take the quill from her, and for that moment his hand covered hers.

Clabe felt his own blood burning him to death. His whole body pulled into one bunch of wound-up muscle, and he sat still as a timber cat. In a flash of movement he was across the table from them, looking down over the lamp at them, feeling the lamp hot under his chin.

They both looked up, and Sally got a kind of scared look in her eyes, and she said, "Clabe—Clabe; what's the matter?"

He heard lumps of words come out of his throat, "Had I better bring in some breakfast water?"

Some of that look went out of her eyes and she said, "Why, yes—yes, Clabe."

HE felt himself go out through the kitchen, not knowing when he picked up the cedar pail.

Through the stillness came the thin howl of a dog. He was alone, and he kept keening his complaint at the loneliness. In a little while he twisted off a wail with a glad yelp, and that was all. Someone had taken the dog in out of his lonesomeness.

With the sound of the dog's wailing still in his ears, Clabe jumped into a run, headed for the house, moving with all the strength of the fury that was wild red torture in him. But when he reached the kitchen door, it went open smoothly and slowly, and his moccasined feet took him inside without a sound.

There was just a slant of light from the other room. He could hear their voices in there. They didn't know he was back in the house. The hotness left him and that gunsight steadiness took its place, that knife-edge, smooth brittleness that always spread though him in moment of the kill.

He reached up to the gunrack, and it was his tomahawk that his hand found. He started for the other room, but strangely his feet didn't move. Somewhere there was something he had to think about first. That dog. That was it.

The dog didn't start out to do some killin' because he got shut out, Clabe Roan. He was lonesome, all right, but he had faith that if he let them he loved know he was lonesome, they'd open the door. And they did. He had faith—and the door opened.

Clabe put the tomahawk back into its sheath and hung it on the rack.

HE started for the middle room. Will was gathering up the books and Sally had just started to the kitchen. Clabe met her face to face in the doorway. She was smiling up at him.

Will said, "She's satisfied now we got the bookwork done. She was faunchin' to get done tonight so's she wouldn't have to come back to the store a-tall."

Sally's hands came up gentle like, and they felt mighty fine, one on each side of Clabe's face. She came right on into his arms and lifted her mouth up and while he was kissing her her fingers were there behind his ears, twisting his hair in that woman way of hers.

Sally's a true woman. She couldn't ever of done this if there'd been a wrong thought in her head.

Will said, "I'll be gettin'."

Clabe said, "Hold on."

He got the mittens and handed them to Will.

"Thanks," Will said. "Been lookin' for 'em."

They went with him to the kitchen door and stood there while he untied his horse. He said from out there they looked mighty like a honeymoon couple. Then he drove off.

Clabe closed the door and Sally turned to him and said, "You ain't acted properly glad to be back. What's wrong between us, Clabe?"

He started to answer, and words were hard to pull out of his throat. Then he said, "I reckon it was that I felt a mite out of place in this cabin. It's right smart of a change. Different, and—"

"Of course it's different. But it's home. I thought you'd like it. I had to have our home here waiting when you came back—I just had to. I guess it does look different to you." She studied him hard. "You look different yourself. You need to sharpen up your razor—your face is awful nice and brown—and if you had them skin clothes on inside out, you'd look something like a deer. Darling, it's all how you feel inside—how you feel about me—how I feel about you. And that hasn't changed, I know."

"No," he said, putting his arms around her again, "nothing has changed. Nothing at all."

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

SNAKE HIPS: After attending a breakfast showing at the Hotel Astor of the movie, Fit 'n' Fair, presented by Richard Hudnut, with Miss Ann Delafield of the DuBarry Success Course appearing as herself, I was more than ever sold on the idea that any woman, whether sub-deb or grandma, can improve her face and her figure if she has the necessary guidance and will power. The movie, a series of "before and after" sequences, shows Miss Lordosis (sway back), Miss Kyphosis (round shoulders), and Plain Jane

(overfed and droopy) graduated from the wallflower stage after a beauty-building course involving diet, exercise, and lessons in make-up, walking, and the care of the hair and skin. The movie was prepared especially for schools and colleges in response to many requests for a film on good grooming and posture for teen-agers. It is available to department stores as well as educational institutions. Mothers who jump at the chance of demonstrating to their young how much more attractive girls look when they learn to keep backs straight, stomachs in, chests out, and heads high, plus face and weight well handled, are likely to be caught in the same beauty trap themselves, to their own ultimate satisfaction. Once they get involved with the DuBarry correspondence course, they will encounter multitudinous obstacles in connection with the "beauty-building bill of fare" and conditioning exercises. But as the letter welcoming the beginner promises: "After the first day or two, you should find yourself feeling so very much more alert and energetic that you will be encouraged to persevere." *I* knocked off three pounds in the first three days! The exercise I am trying hardest to practice faithfully is one Miss Delafield demonstrated at the Astor breakfast. Said she to her audience of newspaper women from all over the country, "Put your handbags on the floor; sit with spine tight against back of chair, place hands firmly on table in front of you, then remember to push that chair away from the table in the middle of every meal, and you won't have to worry." Or, to quote a practical doctor I know, "Get up from every meal hungry; *i.e.*, *never* take a second helping."

TOUGH TALK: Eavesdropping while bus-topping, I heard this withering comment made by a somewhat withered female to her grim-faced crony, "Madge looks younger? You're crazy! She's had her face lifted so many times, she should be using her eyebrows for hair."

"THROW" IS THE WORD FOR IT!—Said Paul Jones, director of public information for the National Safety Council, "The throw rug, especially if it is at the top of stairs, is booby trap No. 1 in American homes." One slight skid and the throw rug will throw you down the whole flight! At a luncheon meeting held by the Council in the Waldorf-Astoria, Ned Dearborn, president, stated that accidents threaten to cost the nation close to fifty billion dollars and nearly a million lives in the next ten years. Declaring that the annual cost of accidents to the nation would finance our present national debt, Mr. Dearborn called upon women to "mobilize their tremendous power and rally to the

cause of safety. . . . In recent years a third of all accident fatalities occurred in homes. And accidents are most deadly to the young. . . . In the two-to-twenty-eight-age range of our population, more people die from accidents than from any other cause." Besides seeing to it that no brooms or toys are left in dark halls or on staircases, and no oil-soaked rags in closets waiting for a spark to help build a fire, and that no faulty plugs or wiring are lurking in Baby's path, and that no medicines are within his reach, women should use their influence to cut down accidents *outside* the home. Playgrounds should be adequately supervised. Farmers' wives should insist that their men demand the most modern safety devices on farm implements. As for the highway problem, it is red hot, with its old cars and its old tires.

DON'T avoid new ideas. Don't be apathetic. At least, don't resist a new trend until you have *investigated* it. Take the case of Tampax now and look at the facts frankly. Wouldn't *you* like to be free of the monthly pin-and-belt nuisance? Of your sanitary deodorant troubles? Of the disposal problem? . . . Well, all these problems vanish when you use Tampax for *modern* sanitary protection.

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3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

GRANDSTAND PLAY

Continued from Page 27

nozzle room. He kept us stretching lines and overhauling gear. He kept us practicing first aid and manning the turret monitors and reviewing the training manual. We even practiced burning our way through a ship's hull with the oxyacetylene torch.

Not that we had a whole lot of time to spend drilling those first couple days. We had more alarms than usual. And in handling those fires he proved over and over that he was tops. But he kept throwing the gaff into us!

He had us drilled so fine that we'd hit the deck of the Storm within fifteen seconds after an alarm. We'd be donning coats and helmets while the pilot was jerking his engine telegraphs; and we'd have the canvas off the hose reels and nozzles attached and turrets manned before the Storm had her bow fairly out of the covered slip. But we'd never please him. Captain Barker demanded a hundred-and-fifty-per-cent perfection.

"What th' hell you heroes doing? Resting on your laurels?" he'd rasp at us. "Maybe I better plant some thorns in 'em!" And he'd say, "Now *that* was pretty as a picture. A slow-motion picture. You men ain't statues. Not yet. Now get some *life* into it!" he'd yell.

Mike Spinelli gashed his arm and Tom Hackett sprained his ankle fighting a blaze on a purse seiner. "What th' hell!" Captain Barker consoled them. "What's a mere scratch to a couple of heroes?" And when we got a call to douse a big rubbish fire on the water front, he sang out, "Just a job of work, boys. No medals for this one."

He sure kept us humble—and hating him. But I'll say this, he never ordered his men into a dirty mess that he didn't lead the way himself.

Maybe you've heard of the Santa Gertrudis fire?

She was a big rusty old freighter that had had some patchwork repairs done on her in the South Pacific after being shelled by a Jap sub. She had been busy hauling construction materials for Army camps; and after V-J Day she rusted quietly in Surabaya harbor, being considered very expendable indeed. But when reconversion back home started clamoring for the sort of raw materials which the Japs had completely cornered during the war, a job was found for the Santa Gertrudis, simply because she was on the spot. She was sent home via Batavia and Singapore, Saigon and Manila and Hong Kong, picking up a precious cargo of natural rubber for tires and tung oil for paints, of tin and tea, of coffee and cinchona, of tapioca and kapok, of resins and lacquer. It was a damned fine cargo. It made a damned fine fire.

The rusty old hulk lacked modern fire-detection equipment, we learned later; and the blaze smoldered undetected in her hold for some time. Then, in port, they opened her hatches to start unloading. And as oxygen poured into her—*whoosh!* It was as if they'd pried the lid off of hell. Ever throw an old auto tire on a bonfire? If you have, you know how rubber bellows as it burns and what a godawful black choking smoke it throws off. Now imagine a fat cargo of paint and varnish oils starting to burn with that rubber and you've got a faint idea of what an infernal mess was cooking up inside the Santa Gertrudis. Her crew had guts, though. More guts than savvy. Men went down with a hose to try and save her. They hadn't a chance.

IT was two forty-five when the alarm came, and we hit the deck of the Storm like we were after a record. Pilot Hardsock was at the wheel, and we churned out of the slip and raced across the harbor as fast as our three Hall-Scotts would drive us. Nearing the Santa Gertrudis, we saw the smoke boiling out of her forward hatch, and the ugly rush and swell of that black smoke made my innards knot up cold and sick.

"Come up alongside," Captain Barker commanded.

Pilot Hardsock turned the Storm, signaled to reverse our engines, and eased us up close to the freighter.

From her rail her skipper shouted to us, "I got three men in the hold knocked out by smoke and I can't get 'em up!"

"We'll handle it," Captain Barker told him. He gave us orders. Our turret monitors, fore and aft, blasted into action, arching three-inch streams of water onto the blazing superstructure. We ran our hydraulic tower up to its full forty-one feet of height, and we put a six-inch nozzle on our Big Bertha atop the wheelhouse, and that was like adding heavy artillery to our water barrage. I just snatched a look. It makes me proud to see all our monitors working, to see those glistening beams of water arching out with their terrific ramming power. But I wasted no time back-patting myself. Though we'd lick the fire topside, the hellfire down in the guts of the ship was going to give us some gray hairs before it lay down and died.

2 Ways to Check a Cough

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Like many good things, sometimes scarce. But worth asking for—so keep trying!

"Break out the Gibbs!" Barker was commanding. "Kyle, and you, Spinelli! We're going down into the hold!"

Each of them thrust their arms through the shoulder straps of a Gibbs oxygen breather and swung it onto his back. Captain Barker slipped a telephone headset over his cap, and I unreeled wire for him. Spinelli grabbed a hose line and attached an all-purpose nozzle to it. Everybody moved *fast.*

"John," Barker told me, "if the Coast Guard doesn't show up in a few minutes, put in a call for them!"

He turned toward the freighter. Within her there were deep rumbling explosions as barrels of inflammable oil blew apart with a force that seemed to make the ship heave and jar in the water. But the captain didn't hesitate. He clambered up onto the deck of the Santa Gertrudis and Kyle and Spinelli followed, telephone wire and hose unreeling after them. I clipped on my phone headset and climbed atop of our wheelhouse beside the giant monitor, where I could see more.

Captain Barker paused beside the hatch just long enough to stick the Gibbs mouthpiece between his teeth. That stinking, blinding smoke was churning up out of the hold, but he turned and went down the ladder, and the other two men followed, one after the other. In my headphones I heard Captain Barker swear sharply, and I knew that fire must be a twenty-four-carat sample of hell to make *him* wince and catch his breath. Then in the phones I could hear the crackle of the flames.

"Fog!" Barker ordered. They were down in the hold now, crouching behind the hose nozzle that was spraying out a cone of water divided so fine that it was foglike in texture. Behind a spray like that you can walk right up and pat a fire so hot that men forty feet away can't bear to face it.

FOR slow minutes that dragged past like cripples I heard nothing more from Barker. Underneath me the Storm was vibrating to the whir and whine of our centrifugal pumps; and beside me the big monitor roared as it shot out an arching stream of water like a solid shining bridge cable. Again, and then again, explosions rumbled deep within the freighter.

This fire is going to gut her, I told myself; and I swiveled my head and swore in relief as I saw that the Coast Guard fireboat Invictus was headed toward us.

"John!" Captain Barker shouted in my earphones. "We've found the two seamen. We're bringing them up."

"But there were three men in there, captain!"

I heard him cuss. "O.K., I'll keep looking," he said. "The Coast Guard showing up yet?"

"Yes, sir. The Invictus is almost here."

"Good!" He said it like he meant it. "This job needs CO-2. Tell 'em to get their lines down in here. But *fast!*"

I said, "Yes, sir!"

Presently Spinelli came climbing out of the hold, a senseless man doubled limply over his shoulder. And Kyle followed, bringing another injured man.

THEN the Coast Guard fireboat hailed us. The Invictus is a one-twenty-six-footer, a reconverted yacht. She has a special feature: she carries six tons of carbon dioxide in a special refrigerated tank. She can blast this stuff out of four nozzles at the rate of more than a ton a minute.

I yelled to her skipper, "Captain Barker wants you to shoot CO-2 into this ship. Right now!"

They asked me to back our fireboat toward the stern of the freighter so that they could bring the Invictus alongside her.

I called into my phone: "Captain Barker, the Coast Guard's here now."

"Good. Tell 'em to run their lines into this hold as fast as the good Lord'll let 'em, or we'll never save this ship!"

"I'll tell 'em, sir, soon as you've come up. You found that missing seaman?"

"Tell 'em *now!*" he rasped at me. "I can't find the man, and we can't delay longer. Tell 'em to blow CO-2 in here!"

"Then you've got to get the hell out of there!"

"I'm coming."

I whipped off my headset, and jumped down to the deck and shouted orders. We had to reel out more hose and wire, and the boys at the monitors had to be warned to swing them as we moved.

That done, I told Pilot Hardsock to put the Storm in reverse. As we backed, the Coast Guard vessel nosed into place alongside the bow of the freighter.

Those Coast Guard firemen moved fast. They had their hose lines ready, and now they climbed aboard the Santa Gertrudis.

Maybe you know how carbon dioxide works? It's dry ice. However, it's kept as a liquid, under pressure. When the nozzle is opened, the stuff expands five hundred times and blasts out in a roaring spurt of blinding white snow that is a hundred and nine degrees *below zero* in temperature. The stuff is a sure fire killer. It works by chilling a blaze below the flash point and by choking it off from oxygen.

The Coast Guard men turned three nozzles down into the hold; then they signaled.

And the CO-2 roared from the nozzles like arctic blizzards concentrating into two-and-a-half-inch streams. The screaming "snow" exploded from the hose lines and rocketed into every crack and crevice of the hold and cargo. That black smoke boiling out of the hatchway

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*So Inconspicuous

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That's when I got my Zenith. Wear it as casually as eyeglasses, too, because its Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord are hardly noticeable.

So I'm getting a big kick out of life once more. Smartest thing I ever did for myself *and* my friends was putting on a Zenith Hearing Aid!

* * *

Hard of hearing? See *your* Zenith dispenser this week for a free, private demonstration of the Zenith Radionic. You owe it to yourself, your family and friends. No one will press you to buy. And you adjust the Zenith to your own hearing needs with the flick of a finger. It's easy as focusing binoculars! For *free* descriptive literature, write: Zenith Radio Corp., Dept. 1.1-3B, Chicago 39, Ill.

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changed character. It lost its wild rush. It quit shooting up, but squeezed out of the hatch as if bloated and choking, like a living thing that was suddenly being strangled to death. The fat, boiling blackness of it thinned and faded into ragged pale streamers. A minute. Two minutes—and that fire was licked! Out! Dead as a snake with its head chopped off! Still writhing some, sending up spirals of livid vapor, but done. Squashed!

We cheered! I yelled, and my crew yelled, and the freighter's men yelled, and the crowd on the dock joined in. That CO-2 had done a job!

There was still plenty of work to do. The Santa Gertrudis had to be gone over from stem to stern to make sure every spark of fire was out; and gear had to be hauled in and made secure. A couple ambulances had arrived to take the hurt seamen to the hospital. Something had been nagging at me. Vaguely I felt something was wrong. Sight of white-coated internes lugging those two hurt seamen off on stretchers prodded my wits.

All of a sudden my heart skipped a beat and jumped into my throat. I couldn't hear Captain Barker's deep voice rumbling commands. I couldn't see his burly figure. He wasn't on the Storm. He wasn't on the deck of the freighter. I couldn't see him, and I hadn't seen him since he went down into the hold of the ship.

"God'lmighty, he's still down in that hold!"

I SHOUTED to Kyle and Spinelli. I told them to climb down into the hold of the Santa Gertrudis and look for the skipper. It took them a moment to get it, but then they rushed. They swung their oxygen breathers into place again on their backs, and ran forward to the hold. Spinelli went down the ladder first, Kyle practically stepping on his fingers.

I watched from the top of our wheelhouse. Coast Guard men were grouped around the hatchway. Presently I saw them lower a line into the hold, then heave on it. They brought a man up and laid him on deck. I saw the Gibbs oxygen breather on the hurt man's back, but he wasn't Captain Barker! This was a short wiry seaman! . . . They were lowering the line into the hold again. And presently they hauled another man up. This time there was no mistaking the burly size and rough red hair. This was Captain Barker! But he looked inert and lifeless, and the way they laid him out upon a stretcher was like they were handling a corpse. Panicky, I jumped to the deck and climbed aboard the freighter and ran forward. I bent over Captain Barker. He was lying rigid, and his face had the set, blue, agonized look of suffocation. I must have blurted something, for Spinelli looked at me.

And real quick he said, "The skipper ain't dead, John. His pulse is faint, but it's still beating."

Kyle said, "Damned if he didn't stay till he found that other seaman!"

"Get him off to the hospital," I ordered. "Hurry it!"

A Chronicle reporter caught my arm and started asking questions. I brushed him off. I was in no mood for talk. And there was work to do.

IT was time for dinner when we got back to our fire station, and we trudged into the mess hall, dead on our feet.

The radio was mumbling a newscast. When the Santa Gertrudis was mentioned, we listened close to details of the fire. Suddenly I stiffened in my seat.

"—hero of this fight against the blazing inferno within the freighter was Captain Barker of the municipal fireboat Storm. With two men of his crew, wearing oxygen packs, he climbed down into the fire-swept hold to rescue several seamen who had earlier attempted to fight the flames and had been overcome by smoke. They saved two of the seamen, but the third man could not be found. Barrels of inflammable oil were exploding, and finally Captain Barker ordered his men out of danger. He planned to follow them, but took a final look around for that missing seaman—and found him. The man had been overcome by heat and smoke. He had fallen between crates of cargo that were jarred and had shifted and wedged him so tight that Captain Barker, unaided, could not free the man.

"Water and oil were dripping from the crates and sloshing underfoot. Captain Barker took off his coat and bundled it into a pillow for the man's head. And Captain Barker, afraid that the seaman might die before rescue, removed his own oxygen pack and strapped it onto the senseless man and placed the mouthpiece between the other man's lips.

"Though without a Gibbs breather now, Captain Barker could probably have rushed back to the ladder and climbed up to safety. But he did not leave a man lying unconscious and helpless. When the Coast Guard extinguished the blaze and men climbed down into the hold, they found Captain Barker still beside that seaman. They found Captain Barker lying senseless beside that other man, and in very serious condition from smoke. And Captain Barker's arm was still extended to the other man's face. Captain Barker's last conscious effort had been to hold that mouthpiece of the life-giving oxygen pack securely between the other fellow's lips.

"The seaman was actually regaining consciousness when rescuers reached them, and now is well on the way to recovery. Captain Barker's condition is still serious, but hopeful.

"And this incident, we submit, is an example of selfless, stubborn heroism of a very lofty order."

The broadcaster finished on that high note. My eyes were hot. But across the table from me, Spinelli looked at Kyle, and Kyle looked at Spinelli. Of a sudden they threw back their heads and they guffawed. They *laughed.* They roared out their laughs. We stared at them, and I wondered if working in the hellfire of the Santa Gertrudis' hold had driven them crazy.

"What's so funny?" I snapped.

They couldn't answer. They were choking, tears of mirth rolling from their eyes. We had to wait until they could talk.

NEXT morning we went to the hospital to see Captain Barker. His hands were bandaged, and his face was so covered with bandages that only his eyes looked out at us. He glared when he saw the big horseshoe wreath we'd brought which had a sign across the top of it saying, "Our Hero."

"How're you feeling, captain?" I asked.

"Yeah, how does it feel to be famous?" Spinelli added.

And Kyle said, "Get a good rest, captain. You'll need strength to pack all the medals they'll pin on your chest."

"Will you sign my autograph book, please, sir?" Hackett said, in a falsetto like a bobby-soxer.

"What the hell are you men talking about?" Barker demanded.

Spinelli showed him the morning paper. He started reading all that stuff about himself, and gasped, and swore under his breath.

"Look, men, I didn't do any grandstanding—"

"Alibis! Alibis!" we yelled. "If there's anything we hate to hear, it's alibis! Save 'em for your kids!"

But he yelled louder than us.

"John," he bawled at me, "you phone the Chronicle office. Tell 'em to send a reporter here. Right away! And the rest of you stick around!"

The way he said it, it was an order. So I phoned. And we waited, getting uneasier by the minute. Barker just lay there glaring at us and mumbling in his bandages.

Nick Macklin, the Chronicle reporter who showed up, was a slim gray-haired man with tired eyes and a mildly worried face.

"Look, mister," Captain Barker rapped at him. "Your paper is running a story on how I went down into the hold of the Santa Gertrudis and found a man pinned down by cargo, and how I put my Gibbs breather on him and stuck by him, trying to get him free, until I passed out—"

"That's right, sir, and a very brave thing it was, too."

"Like hell!" Barker said. "That yarn's not true. Sure, I stuck by the guy. But I didn't intend to! I didn't knowingly risk my neck to help him!"

"Hey, captain," I blurted, "You don't need to—"

"Mr. Macklin," he went on, "I

want you to print the *truth!* I didn't deliberately risk my neck to save that seaman. Here's what happened: I did find him pinned down by crates of cargo, and he was senseless. I tried to get him free but couldn't. I did fold my coat into a pillow and put it under his head. Then I put the oxygen breather on him and stuck the mouthpiece between his lips, because I was afraid he'd die. Also, I figured that if he came to his senses, he could wriggle out from between those crates with my help. I kept working on him and I kept yelling into my telephone for help. But I got no answer—"

"I figured you had already started up," I butted in. "I took that phone off while I worked the boat—"

"The smoke and heat then knocked me out," Barker went on. "I don't know how long I was senseless. When I came to, I realized that either I climbed out of that hold pronto, or I'd *stay* down there, dead. And there was no use wasting any more time on that seaman. I'd have to leave him. You hear me? I decided to leave that man, to crawl to the ladder myself and get to hell out of there! I decided to save my own neck!

"Only, I couldn't. I couldn't budge a foot. I couldn't move an arm. I couldn't save myself, though I tried my damnedest! I was helpless. I was frozen stiff!

"You see my hands and face? They're bandaged for severe frostbite. We had been working with a fog spray down in that hold and I'd got soaking wet. When I lay down beside that seaman to try to get him loose, I was lying in water sloshing over the boards. When I passed out, lying there, the Coast Guard men arrived and shot tons of dry ice into the hold. Maybe you know how cold that carbon-dioxide snow is! My wet clothes froze stiff as iron and my muscles locked on me. When my men came in later to get me, they had to bust me out! I bet they had to pry me loose from the floor with a two-by-four!

"You understand, mister? I didn't stick by that seaman because I wanted to but because I *had* to! That's the truth, the whole truth, and I want you to publish it!"

NOBODY said a word. Mr. Macklin rubbed his jaw.

"Look, men," he said then, turning to us. "No doubt what Captain Barker has told us is substantially the truth—"

"You're damned right it's the truth," Barker raged.

"But it's also true," the reporter insisted mildly, "that even if Captain Barker had not been forced to stay beside that hurt man, he'd have stayed anyhow. He'd never have left a helpless man there alone. Captain Barker, you'd have stuck by that man just as the crew of your fireboat stuck by that exploding ammunition barge some days ago. I'm positive of that, and nothing you can say will convince me otherwise. The story of your heroism is a record of a brave act that is part and parcel of the history of your department. I will not print a single line that will detract from that fine record." He looked at us a moment. "Isn't that how you all feel, men?"

"Oh, sure."

"The captain's all right."

And only I had enough gall in me to murmur, "Sure, he'll stick by you till hell freezes over!"

Mr. Macklin smiled and nodded and walked out.

We sort of moved close around the bed. Captain Barker eyed us and sort of winced under the bandages. I guess he felt like a toothless lion in a den of hot-eyed Daniels.

"Look, men," he said, low-voiced. "I suspect I've been riding you a little hard. Lying here, I've been thinking, and I'm now convinced you didn't pull a phony. What I mean is, I'm convinced you didn't do any grandstanding about that ammunition-fire."

"Fine! Swell! And, skipper," we all chimed in, "you better *stay* convinced!"

THE END

That Looks Like Haunted House And There . . .
E-E-E-K! GHOSTS!
GHOSTS NOTHING! THAT'S A MAN AND A CHILD. I'M GOING TO TELL DAD QUICK!
GREAT SCOTT, MIDGE! THAT MAY BE THE MISSING OTIS CHILD! LET'S GO, WILLIS!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I'M PEMBROKE FROM HEADQUARTERS, SHERIFF. I'VE JUST FOUND THE OTIS BOY AND HIS KIDNAPPER IN THIS OLD HOUSE. LET'S GET TO YOUR OFFICE QUICK
THE CHIEF AND MR. OTIS ARE ON THEIR WAY... WHEW! I'M TIRED. BEEN ON THE TRAIL 2 DAYS
WHY NOT FRESHEN UP WHILE WE'RE WAITING?
SOME BLADE, SHERIFF. I'VE NEVER ENJOYED A QUICKER, SMOOTHER SHAVE
YES, THOSE THIN GILLETTES ARE PLENTY KEEN AND EASY-SHAVING
GREAT WORK, PEMBROKE! BREAKING THIS CASE CINCHES YOUR PROMOTION
HE'S BETTER-LOOKING THAN I THOUGHT
NOW—ONE OF YOU AND THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER
WITH PLEASURE!
SHE'S LOVELY
I DETECT ROMANCE, THANKS TO THIN GILLETTE
THIN GILLETTES ALWAYS GIVE YOU SMOOTH, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK RIGHT ON THE BEAM AND FEEL SWELL. THEY'RE THE SHARPEST, EASIEST-SHAVING LOW-PRICED BLADES YOU EVER TRIED. WHAT'S MORE, THEY'RE PRECISION-MADE FOR YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE DISCOMFORT CAUSED BY MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

The lovely genius and her grim taskmaster (Ann Todd and James Mason).

THE SEVENTH VEIL *(J. Arthur Rank; released by Universal)* *James Mason, Ann Todd of England*

THE title of the Seventh Veil refers to the mind of Man, which, says the competent psychiatrist (Herbert Lom), is "swathed in seven veils, the seventh of which is generally impenetrable."

The psychiatrist is consulted in the case of a beautiful concert pianist (Ann Todd) who has attempted suicide and is unable to tell why. He puts her under narcohypnosis, *not* a new one-day cure for mental illnesses, but sometimes a good method of getting at their causes.

It's also one of the most credible ways ever devised for getting into a flashback. Going back to the age of fourteen, she relives a caning on her hands by her headmistress on the eve of a musical examination.

From here on, the revelations are just as much concerned with James Mason's psychosis as with Miss Todd's. He is appointed her guardian when she is orphaned, and devotes all his energy to exploiting her genius. The difficulty in their relationship lies in his disdain for women, incurred when his mother left him at a very early age. He does keep Ann pure for her art, except for one excursion with an American saxophonist (Hugh McDermott).

When she is grown and has won acclaim on all the big concert stages and is about to run away with a famous artist (Albert Lieven), there's a showdown with Mason, which culminates in his caning her—on her hands.

And a lot more happens to this modern Trilby-Svengali duo as the concert pianist relives her life for the psychiatrist who is trying to help her.

When he does, it's a little sudden—there should have been more explanation at the end. But on the whole, The Seventh Veil is a lucidly stated case history, going beyond Spellbound in treatment and understanding. Ann Todd has one of the most arresting faces since Garbo, and gives an appropriately tense performance. James Mason is a dynamic actor who gives off mighty pleasant chills. And for the wonderful music by the London Symphony Orchestra, sincere thanks.

Thanks, too, to Universal, which has arranged to release some of the best British films, of which The Seventh Veil is the first.

Picture of versatility—Miss Todd as a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl.

There comes a time for recollection.

TOMORROW IS FOREVER

(International)
Orson Welles, Claudette Colbert, George Brent

TOMORROW IS FOREVER takes an interesting theme and plays on it for two hours with all the stops pulled out. The evolution of a non-political woman who loves her children into a rank isolationist is a worthy story—but is obscured by the titanic Orson Welles, who, as usual, plays at being the actor very well.

Welles, mutilated in World War I, allows his wife, Claudette Colbert, to believe him dead. Then, when she has had his child, has recovered from her grief, and is married to a wealthy Baltimore manufacturer (George Brent), Welles comes to America from Austria to work in Brent's own factory! Seems odd that after hiding for twenty years he lets himself be piloted to that same Baltimore.

However, glossing over this implausibility, we now have Welles symbolizing the broken anti-Fascist and Colbert representing everything that is wrong about the smug American matron.

You'll find the clothes and sets quite elegant. The music is heavy, corresponding with the soap-opera mood of the production.

THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Robert Walker, June Allyson, "Rochester," Hume Cronyn, Audrey Totter

ROBERT the sailor and June the secretary meet at the U. S. O., take one of those devastating hansom rides through Central Park, and—presto!—they're married.

Eventually they get an apartment, he's discharged, and they pull themselves as cheerfully as possible through a series of scenes designed solely to keep them from going to bed.

The works of their marriage is upset by three extremely busy monkey wrenches. The first is Audrey Totter, a Hungarian vamp who soaks the sailor in slivovitz, covers him with lipstick, then sends him home to his innocent bride. The second and third are Hume Cronyn and Reginald Owen, rival manufacturers of pots. Cronyn makes a totally embarrassing gift of a mink coat to the bride (an action that would only be understood by a manufacturer of pots, no doubt); and Owen has a large platter of chicken cacciatore dumped on his head.

Doesn't make much sense, does it? June Allyson is capable of witty comedy, and she oughtn't to be made to simper so much of the time. But Audrey Totter is superb as the Hungarian vamp with the beautiful body.

That's no way to get dinner on the table.

Stratford
REGENCY

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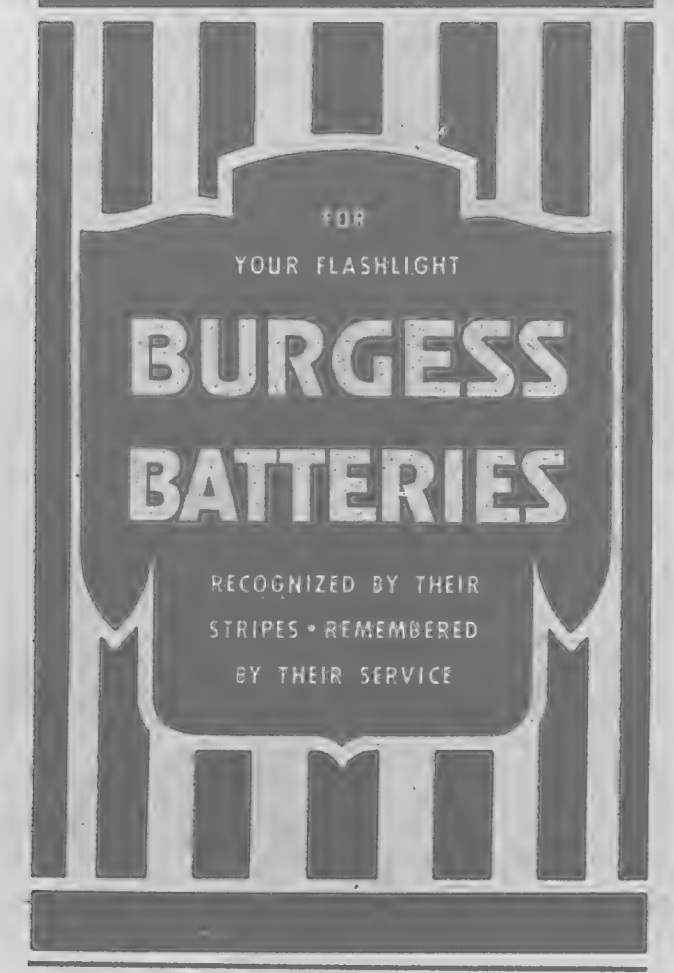

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HONESTY IS THE BEST TAX POLICY

Continued from Page 15

the Bureau official who gets your statement gives it a preliminary audit, to see if your arithmetic is correct and to pick up any obvious mistakes if it isn't. If you have made a mistake, he will advise you. You will either send or get a check, depending on whether your errors were in favor of the government or of yourself.

Each year the Bureau of Internal Revenue takes a percentage of tax returns in each bracket and gives them a more thorough going over. This is a sort of sampling process. An expert looks over these returns selected to see if they need further checking. Larger individual returns and business returns are subjected to careful auditing.

In any case, the official dealing with a taxpayer's return hasn't much trouble in smelling fraud. In the case of a business, if the income reported is too small to justify the outgo, the deputy collector or revenue agent handling that return wonders about it. He notices discrepancies in small as well as in large incomes. Suppose, for example, he glances at the return of a Washington, D. C., taxi driver who reports his earnings are only nominal. That deputy collector knows, if only from reading the jokes in the papers, that the taxi business in the capital in the war years has been booming. So he figures that this taxpayer has probably failed to report a part of his earnings. When further investigation of a return develops evidence of fraud, the information is turned over to the intelligence unit. Then revenue and special agents work together.

IF your report is an honest one, however, and if your addition and subtraction are O.K., it is filed away for keeps, unless your next report is not so savory and the Bureau official wants to compare the two. Thus it is easy to use your return as evidence against you in case you try to evade taxes.

At present the OPA is a fruitful source of information. The Army and Navy have been helpful when they have suspected war contractors of less than square dealing. Banks and other financial agencies report, as they are required to do, any extraordinary transactions in currency. The public provides a large number of tips, and at the last tabulation, 20,000 of them were piled up, pending investigation.

The Treasury scrutinizes every tip conscientiously, for many are worthy of study. One reason is that the Treasury offers rewards for tax-evasion information. The Bureau of Internal Revenue instituted the practice in 1864. It pays up to 10 per cent of the tax collected. The amount of the reward usually depends upon the completeness of the information. In the past ten years the Treasury has paid out $650,000 in rewards and collected more than $20,000,000 in taxes as a result of the information thus obtained.

Cupidity is not the only reason the public lends a helping hand. Sometimes discharged employees will tell all. The man who keeps phony books is at the mercy of his employees always.

WHAT does the intelligence agent do when his boss hands him one of these tips?

As a rule, the tip comes to Washington. It is routed to the district where the return was filed. There an investigator gets it and has a preliminary look around. Perhaps he will inquire into the taxpayer's standard of living. If he is living in a $100,000 house in an expensive neighborhood, drives a limousine and a station wagon, keeps a speedboat and has a staff of servants—and reports a net income of only $7,000 or $8,000 a year, the intelligence agent thinks maybe there is something in the tip.

From this point on, his job becomes one of assembling information. He examines the taxpayer's, or his company's, receipts and expenditures. He goes through the books. Ultimately he finds the taxpayer, or the business, has sales far greater than reported and expenses much lighter. The personal wealth of the taxpayer or the members of the firm also has increased, and the agent decides that this person or firm has deliberately tried to defraud the government.

This typical case is relatively simple. The taxpayer has kept books and records. The aggravating cases are those in which business is done in cash. For instance, professional men sometimes get part of their fees in currency, and so report only that part paid in checks.

Tax evaders who keep phony books are a challenge to the intelligence agents. Often men, such as used-car dealers, keep one accurate set of books to show the firms with whom they do business, and a faked set to show any suspicious income-tax agent. There are a number of variations on this theme. A Japanese restaurant keeper in Florida kept one set of books for the benefit of the tax collector, in English, and a correct one in Japanese. He found, however, that bookkeeping is bookkeeping in any language; the investigator, who understood not a word of Japanese, was able to figure out the fraud.

The Treasury agent has to use a great deal of ingenuity in dealing with these cases, and even more where no books are kept. Small businesses such as tiny restaurants or bars often keep no records. The suspicious Treasury agent then investigates what he calls a man's "net worth." If his "net worth" is $25,000 and he has reported and paid taxes on only $10,000 during a period of

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In Next Week's

LIBERTY

years, he may be suspected of tax evasion.

Most of this investigating involves what, to the layman, seem dreary, meticulous methods. Not often does the Treasury intelligence agent indulge in dramatics. Sometimes he has to consort with the underworld for his facts, but not often. Sometimes he can count only on his imagination. One agent found a numbers racket and figured out the amount that should have been reported on the basis of mathematical probabilities. Another, in the case of the owner of a string of houses of prostitution, found tax fraud on the basis of the laundry bill.

A great many who have made fraudulent tax returns have been frightened into honesty by the Treasury's drive against evaders and try to square themselves. The Bureau of Internal Revenue has a policy for dealing with such persons. If a taxpayer wishes to make a change in his return, he may pay his tax and a civil penalty. The Treasury has no objection, for it sees its job as a mandate to get the money due the government by law, not to send people to jail.

NOT every person or every business the Treasury agents visit is suspected of tax evasion. A great many people complain that the government is constantly suspecting them of falsifying their tax returns. This is not true. Individuals with large incomes or big businesses or corporations have highly complex tax returns. The Treasury agent may ask to see their books on the basis of technicalities, to check on the amount they think is due, for the tax law is intricate and capable of, sometimes, conflicting interpretations. The government has a stake in everyone's income, but wants only what is justly its due. If a person is found to have overpaid, the Treasury will refund the excess.

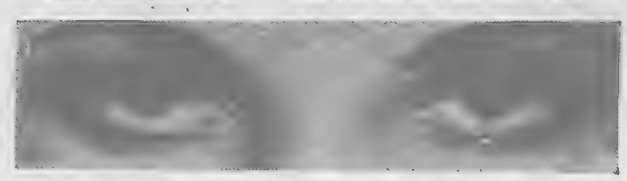
Some businesses get the attention of the Treasury because the Bureau of Internal Revenue is interested in excise tax as well as income tax. With a 20-per-cent tax on such luxuries as furs and jewels, dealers have been tempted to make money illegally. However, the income tax is the biggest headache. The 5,000 tax police now being recruited will be not an aspirin but a cure for the worst of that.

The Treasury itself does not directly institute court action; it puts its case in the hands of the Department of Justice, which is highly cooperative. This team does not often go into court, but on its court appearances it has a record of convictions in from 90 to 100 per cent of its cases. And the number of cases has increased, with the tax drive still in its initial stages.

The Treasury always gets its money—and its man! Honesty is the best policy on your income-tax return.

THE END

EYES TIRED?



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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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THE THROPP

THAT THROPP BRAT PHONED. SAID HE HAD A BIG STORY FOR ME THIS AFTERNOON. DO I GO?
ABSOLUTELY! LAST TIME THAT KID CALLED WE SCOOPED THE TOWN ON THAT HINDU RACKETEER!
DAILY BLADE
THERE YOU ARE, OFFICERS! YOU MUST BREAK UP THIS VULGAR EXHIBITION BEFORE IT BEGINS!
HOW DO WE KNOW THE OLD DAME IS RIGHT?
WE DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, MONAHAN. THE CHIEF SAID TO DO WHAT SHE WANTS!
THROPP
DRUGS

THERE'S NO NEED FOR TALK, OFFICERS! DISPERSE THIS MOB!
O.K., MONAHAN. LET'S GET STARTED
WHAT?
EXCELLENT, MRS. FRIMM! ALL I NEEDED WAS A FEW COPS TO ATTRACT EVEN GREATER CROWDS!

YOU MANUFACTURING MOBS INSTEAD OF PRESCRIPTIONS, MR. THROPP?
WELL—IT WAS OZZIE'S IDEA TO---
CORRECT, MONAHAN! OUR PURPOSE IS TO MANUFACTURE PUBLICITY FOR OUR SODA FOUNTAIN!

O.K., BRAT. PUT ON YOUR MODEL, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY, OR I'LL GIVE YOU A SUMMONS!
I'LL HAVE YOU BROKEN FOR THIS, OFFICER!
SET YOUR LENS, AL- THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD!
HERE'S THE PRESS! START SHOOTING, BOYS!

THERE GOES OZZIE!
OH, BOY! A SODA FOUNTAIN STRIP TEASE!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, OZZIE
RELAX, PATER. OUR NUDE MODEL WILL SET 'EM ON THEIR EARS!

FAMILY

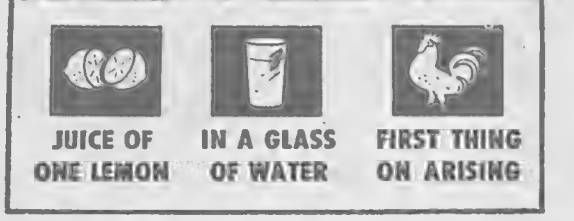
Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

I TOLD YOU YOUR ADVERTISING STUNT WOULD GET US INTO TROUBLE, OZZIE—LOOK!
SPLENDID, PATER. MRS. FRIMM AND THOSE TWO BLUNDERING CATCH-POLLS WILL HELP US NO END!
WE'VE COME TO STOP YOUR DISGRACEFUL SHOW!
YOU SEE, THIS MOB IS BLOCKING THE STREET, MR. THROPP--
I KNOW. IT WAS OZZIE'S IDEA
LET ME HANDLE THESE BAILIFFS, PATER
SODA FOUNTAIN INDEED! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS VULGAR SIGN, OFFICERS!
AS YOU CAN SEE, MONAHAN, THIS IS ONLY A PUBLICITY STRATAGEM
I DON'T SEE NOTHING NUDE, BUT YOU'RE BLOCKING TRAFFIC AND I'LL HAVE TO--
WHY NOT LET THE KID PUT ON HIS SHOW, MONAHAN? WE CAN ALWAYS ARREST HIM LATER IF HE SHOWS A NAKED DAME, CAN'T WE?
NONSENSE! I DEMAND YOU STOP THIS OBSCENITY NOW!
TODAY! A FASHION SHOW! THE LATEST IN BRASSIERES AND PANTIES and REMEMBER! ON THIS SITE—THE NEW NECTAR TUBVILLE'S BEST SODA FOUNTAIN
A SEXY STORE DUMMY! WHAT A SWELL GAG!
WHAT A STUNT! THAT KID'S A BORN PRESS AGENT!
I GUESS HE PUT ONE OVER ON US, EH, MRS. FRIMM?
THE LAD IS QUITE A WIT!
YOU'RE HALF RIGHT, OFFICER!
SURPRISED? WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE NECTAR NOOK ON THIS SITE! SOON!

Continued next week

NEED A LAXATIVE?

Try Lemon and Water — it's good for you!



Lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

This natural fruit drink — simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water when you first get up—is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination.

And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

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Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize, aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show that 10,500,000 now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing: clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it for 10 mornings, first thing on arising.

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising

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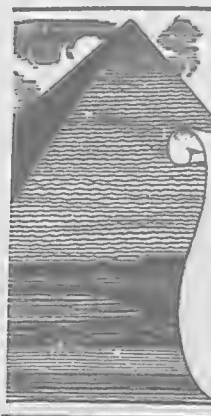

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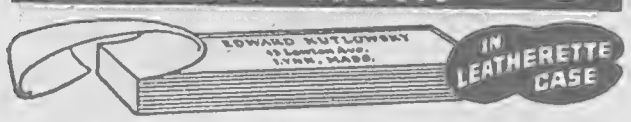

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ONE WORLD WITH VARIATIONS

Continued from Page 19

had flown Chinese armies into the Jap-occupied area around Peiping. I went there from Shanghai for a look around. The Japs seemed to be pretty much in full command. The famous Peiping Club was filled with well-dressed German and Jap officers during cocktail hour. Later I interviewed the Japanese commanding general of the district. Everything was working with warlike precision at headquarters. The Jap forces, numbering about 300,000 in that area, had always faced the Chinese Communistic forces, and intended, with the blessing of the Chinese Nationalist government, to keep right on doing so. At that time there appeared to be no desire on the part of the Chinese to disarm them. The Jap general, who spoke good English, gave me as a souvenir a samurai sword forged by the emperor's swordmaker. When I returned to the Peiping Club the following day, I noticed a sign that read: "Will Germans and Japanese please henceforth refrain from using the club, because their presence gives displeasure to our allies."

MANKIND'S future on this planet is clouded with uncertainties, but one thing I can say with assurance —silks are coming back. They may be the caviar among clothes in the future, so no one need get bearish, due to my forecast, on stocks of companies that make synthetics. But the worm will turn—I mean the lowly silkworm. I say this under the hypnotizing influence of the hours I spent in China, and also the brief moments in Japan, reveling in silks the like of which I had not seen for years, if ever.

In December, 1944, Madam Chiang Kai-shek and I for two weeks were never farther apart than twenty feet when we had adjoining rooms at Presbyterian Hospital in New York. Ten months later, after traveling halfway around the world, I met her for the first time. I was flown from Shanghai to Chungking to have lunch with Madam Chiang.

It was a small so-called family lunch at her summer home. There were only six present, including the head of the Chinese Air Force and my cousin, the Canadian Ambassador to China. The house itself was unpretentious. The drawing room was not greatly different from hundreds that might be seen in country homes in Connecticut. Madam Chiang wore a simple but exquisite Chinese dress of brocade which she said was longer than the popular present style. It was set off with a few unobtrusive but fine jewels. She looked to be in excellent health. She had added several pounds since her American visit and they were becoming. The lunch was strictly Chinese, and real Chinese cooking, as I have discovered over the years, is very palatable. We ate with chopsticks. There was no discussion of profound subjects during the lunch. Madam and I, among other things, discussed clothes, cooking, and convents. She graciously pinned the wings of the Chinese Air Force on me at the conclusion of the lunch.

I visited the oldest established Chinese Catholic convent in Shanghai. There are close to a million Catholics in China and this convent is outstanding. The sisters had their troubles during the war, but managed to carry on. The mother superior gave me some old prewar needlework. The stitching and whole patterns were so fine as to seem to be beyond the ability of the human hand, but I was told most of it was done by children.

The trip over the Hump and homeward brought me to India. Although in India only three days, I saw Calcutta, Delhi, Agra, and Karachi. I flew around the Taj Mahal. I'm going to return some day and see it by moonlight

I ARRIVED in Cairo during the rioting between the Arabs and the Jews. It convinced me I should visit Palestine. Jerusalem and Bethlehem exceeded my expectations for cleanliness and interest, and the revered Mount of Olives seemed far from the troubles between Arabs and Jews. The whole of Palestine is not much larger than the California valley where I live, and I wondered how such a small area could ever become more than a token home for the Jewish people. There must be some better solution for them than this.

Opportunity came to me to visit the Shahanshah of Iran. I went there from Cairo with Major General Ben Giles. A relative of the Shah was on the plane and I got credit for saving her life. We flew part of the way at 22,000 feet and she had not adjusted her oxygen mask correctly. She started to swell up like a balloon, let out a few weak squeals, and passed out. I adjusted her mask. She revived after a few minutes. She was most appreciative and entertained me royally the next day in Iran. Iranian women are beautiful and the King of Kings is handsome, too. His dress was impeccable and

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his high shoes encased feet that were much smaller than my own. Don't underestimate these Iranians, known better to most of us as Persians. The Shahanshah is intelligent, well read, and bent on seeing that his country and his peoples have an independent prosperous future. He confounded me with his knowledge of our airplane industry. He was having his troubles when I was there. He would like to see all foreign troops withdraw, to permit him to keep house on his own. For my part, I believe he will keep house well.

From Egypt I started for Athens, but we had to land in Italy because of storms. I went on to Rome for a private audience with the Holy Father. This was by far the outstanding event of my trip. The impression is deep and everlasting. I went into about six rooms in all on my way to the audience chambers, and each one was richer in decoration and furnishings than the last. I passed from one group of guards to another and heard about the history of each, including the famous Swiss Guard.

The Holy Father seemed frail in an ethereal sort of way. He was kind enough to ask about my travels and my opinion concerning present and coming events. I received special blessings and was more than honored when the Holy Father walked to the door of his chambers with me.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

An Irishman said, "Every man loves his native land, whether he was born there or not."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The trials at Nuremberg were the next point of interest for me. I spent two days there as the guest of my old friend, Associate Justice Robert H. Jackson, who is prosecuting war criminals on behalf of the Americans. The prisoners in the dock were a sad lot of sacks as they sat gazing into the future from behind the eight ball. These once so-called great figures would be glad to trade their past, present, and future combined for any shopkeeper's job. The German attorney for Admiral Dönitz, in contrast to the prisoners, wore a full German Navy uniform with decorations. It seems he is helping our forces locate German mines at sea and this is part of his reward.

I drove to Berlin from Nuremberg. The trip was many miles longer than necessary, because then no American was permitted to pass through the Russian occupied zones. In Berlin one can move about the different zones freely, however, and a few cigarettes got me through the Reichschancellery and the bunkers below, where Hitler's cronies did away with themselves at the last. I have the interesting statement of the German aviatrix, Hanna Reitsch, who spent the last few days with the Hitler party and who was the last German to fly a plane out of Berlin. If Hitler is not dead (and the almost unanimous view is that he is), I am certain he was flown out at the last by this woman pilot.

Our gold has undoubtedly turned over in its Kentucky grave at the antics of the dollar abroad. The dollar is worth less than a quarter in Switzerland, measured by prewar exchange. It cost $120 to take a friend to dinner in a first-class Paris restaurant. We had oysters, game, vegetables, salad, cheese, and a bottle of wine. In Berlin I bought an ivory piece and had the choice of paying for it either with 300 marks ($30) or three packages of cigarettes.

BERLIN is a sorry sight. The streets are full of children asking to buy chocolate or cigarettes from the Americans. At each stop of the car we were surrounded. A mother with a sick child in a baby carriage, a sickly one sitting on the front of the carriage, and two others dragging at her side was overcome with tears when I gave her my lunch, which I had packed away in the car. When I was down to my last one third of a bar of chocolate, a small boy looked appealingly at me through the car door. I took him in. He nestled against my shoulder while enjoying the chocolate. Then he turned, threw his arms around me, and gave me a hug and kiss. You can't blame Hitler or Hitlerism on him or his little companions in misery.

London, in contrast to Berlin and Tokyo, has cleaned her face. The buildings have not yet been reconstructed, but the rubble is gone.

From Europe to New York is now just a short hop. I started westward from New York, kept on in the same direction and ended up where I started. Think what will happen when we have planes with the talked-of speeds above 1,000 miles an hour! Think what will happen, period. Already "one world" is more awe-inspiring than any prophet could have dreamed in the days of our childhood.

THE END

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MARCH 9, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
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MURDER BY CONNIVANCE

WITH the end of the war and the resumption of an unlimited flow of gasoline, Americans are back at their deplorable practice of killing and maiming one another on the streets and highways. Deaths in motor-vehicle accidents, which reached just under 40,000 in 1941, are on the rise again and are expected to touch new peaks. Injuries, which hit the unbelievable high of 1,450,000 in the same year, are keeping pace.

The war took a terrific toll of our human resources and we are sobered by the casualty figures. Yet this steady year-by-year attrition of life and limb through recklessness passes almost unnoticed. People who harp upon the subject are brushed off as bores. Organizations which campaign for safe driving are given scant attention, to say nothing of co-operation. Traffic laws are ignored and flouted. On the record, the motor vehicle is the most lethal device man ever has invented. Why, then, is its danger regarded so lightly? Why are we less concerned in safeguarding ourselves against this immediate menace than we are in controlling the atom bomb?

The root cause of the climbing accident rate, the underlying reason why we have never been able to get a grip on the homicidal potentialities of the motorcar, is the blithe American habit of fixing traffic tickets. There are laws to promote safe driving. If given a chance, they will be effective. Individuals who are unwilling or unable to take the recklessness out of themselves soon would find the cops taking it out of them. But the laws are nullified and made useless by the willingness of otherwise law-abiding citizens to see the law flouted by themselves and by others through the "fix."

We cannot shrug off the responsibility for this and blame it on the "lousy politicians." The politicians give us what we want. They fix traffic tickets because many influential and substantial citizens want them fixed.

And yet the man, woman, or child killed by a motor vehicle is just as dead as though shot through the heart. None of us can escape responsibility for these deaths or for the thousands of people not so lucky who are maimed for life. Those of us who connive to get tickets fixed or who complacently allow fixing to go on in our communities are connivers in murder.

The time has come to put a stop to ticket fixing. It is no longer smart to get away with it. It is foolishness—the worst kind of foolishness. The man who brags about his violations and his ability to escape punishment therefor is more of a menace, more dangerous than the gangster or the felon. He must be made to drive carefully or be put off the streets.

A rigorous enforcement of traffic laws on rich and poor, high and low alike, will save lives. One of the lives saved may be yours—or your child's. Do something about it.

Paul Hunter

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